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AN APPEAL TO PRESIDENT TAFT

MR. PRESIDENT,—There is an excellent and, indeed, conclusive reason why any citizen of the Republic may feel at liberty to address to its Chief Magistrate a respectful appeal in this public manner; and it is because the Chief Magistrate, happily, is not under the slightest obligation to read any communication thus addressed to him.

It is, however, just possible that one who has been privileged to enjoy a long and active career, associating during it with "all sorts and conditions of men," and to whom has come, as he fully appreciates, far more of the good things of life than he has deserved, and who, therefore, is able to cherish the best of humor free from any possibility of envy or malice, may be able to offer some suggestions of value even to a wiser man engaged as President in seeking to benefit his party and his country by a just administration of the Government.

As one gets into years the years, fortunately, get into one, bringing with them serene and happy days, free alike from ambition and animosity when it costs nothing to forget trespasses against one's self, if such there have been, and the only anxiety is that one's own trespasses and inconsistencies shall also be forgotten. A person, however, who presumes to offer advice to others must not imagine for a moment that his judgment is any better than the judgment of anybody who differs from him or that his motives are purer than the motives of those who take a wholly different view

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of the proposition, as to your opportunities for valuable public service, which he is about to endeavor to call to your attention.

It is, of course, apparent to the dullest comprehension that the larger and wider sphere of public usefulness, alike in executive and legislative departments, is just now to be found under our Federal system, not at Washington, but at our different State Capitols, so that our crying need to-day is not a New Nationalism, but a New Statehood.

The Governor of an American commonwealth who seeks to make of it as nearly as possible a model of what an alert and progressive American community ought to be has a far larger field of really fruitful social service than a President, and men with high standards of public life seeking political usefulness and distinction are now far more likely to secure them as members of a State Legislature than as members of Congress.

The long neglect of the States of many of their legitimate functions has naturally led to usurpations by Congress. There is no doubt that the farmers of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania are adequately served by their own admirable agricultural colleges, and the same is true in several States of the recently established "Bureau of Good Roads." These and many other like practical services can be far more effectively and far more economically rendered by each State to its own people than by a centralized bureaucracy at Washington supported by wasteful appropriations of Congress, where the old-fashioned virtue of economy in appropriations, as Mr. Gillett of Massachusetts is reported to have recently declared, has become so unpopular as to destroy the usefulness of any Congressman who attempts to insist upon it.

The experienced statesmen of Europe are at present giving earnest study to problems which, under our system, assuredly not only belong to the States, but can be far better solved by the States than by the nation.

The right to impose graduated taxation upon incomes and inheritances is, it is true, and very fortunately, common to both; but the establishment of old-age pensions, of labor exchanges, of industrial insurance at cost and insurance against the appalling disaster for the industrial poor of unemployment, the prevention of debilitating labor by the children and the wives of our unskilled workmen, the com-

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pulsory arbitration of labor disputes, and the preservation for the people of the State's natural resources and of the monopolies of public service—all these suggested remedies for the far-reaching troubles of our modern industrialism, of which Presidents and Congressmen know nothing and care less, are engaging the anxious and solicitous consideration of such statesmen as Mr. Balfour, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Winston Churchill in England, and statesmen of like breadth of view and distinction in Germany, France and Italy, as well as in the new and growing commonwealths of Australia and New Zealand. Surely aspiring young politicians need not hesitate to follow such men in their efforts to meet the crying need now confronting all civilized societies—that is, the narrowing of the too wide gulf between those who are too rich and those who are too poor rather than to occupy themselves in Congress with ignoble struggles to get for their constituents a share either of the spoils of office or of the infamous "pork barrel," or in assisting some corrupt lobby in Washington to waste taxes wrung in large measure by indirect taxation from ignorant and defenceless victims. To almost all intents and purposes the national Government in recent years has been practically limited to such unworthy functions, and it will not be seriously questioned that the prosperous classes, to which, in however slight a degree, you and I belong, happy in our enjoyment of every comfort and luxury, whether we are politicians or private citizens, accustom ourselves to regard with singular indifference the solemn injunction laid upon us by the highest authority to *consider the poor*. The briefest thought given to that injunction will satisfy any intelligent person that considering the poor is not at all to give away, with even the best intentions, large sums of surplus money to which we have no moral and, perhaps, no legal title, which we cannot longer use here even to add to our luxuries and which we cannot take with us when "we go hence," as we soon must. Such giving may be accompanied by sounding a trumpet before the giver, "as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets that they may have glory of men," or the giving may be in the modest guise, "When thou givest alms let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." In either case such giving does not even approach compliance with the injunction to *consider the*

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poor, for the latter implies looking into their poverty, visiting them in their wretched homes, seeing with one's own eyes the many hardships entailed upon them, old and young; and, above all, fully realizing that their deserts, weighed in any scales we might select, are at least equal to our own. While they are thus suffering and, as almost every day's newspapers now tell us, actually dying of hunger, cold and nakedness, the members of our class are fairly "wallowing" not only in comfort, but in all the luxury of the most abounding extravagance and waste.

Now, there are three directions in which your help to narrow this gulf would be singularly effective if you consent to call an extra session of Congress. The one is by recommending to that body to put at once upon the free list all articles which are necessary to preserve the life and health of those who labor and the lives and health of the wives and the children depending upon them, including all the materials in the construction of their homes, as well as all articles of food, and clothing, and heat, and domestic utensils, so as to lessen in some small measure, at least, the inevitable burdens of their unhappy lot and what may prove even more important to show some practical sympathy with them.

You have doubtless read with great interest the epoch-making memorial presented by the embittered farmers of Canada to their Parliament on the 16th of December. It bore the signatures of eight hundred chosen representatives of their Council of Agriculture drawn from every province of the Dominion. Its demand for a wide measure of reciprocal trade with the United States is in the line of our own efforts, and its deadly blow at the iniquities of indirect taxation only voices the sentiments long entertained by many lovers of their kind. These farmers truly declare that "provisions for revenue by customs duties is economically and morally wrong," and they point as a striking example of this wrong to the oppressive customs duties on agricultural implements from which our own working farmers, not our "gentlemen farmers," have so long and so cruelly suffered. These Canadian farmers tell their Parliament that, while the duties on such implements bring to the Treasury less than three hundred and twenty thousand dollars, their "Harvester Trust" mulcts them in over two million dollars. Our "Harvester Trust" has just "cut

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a melon" of twenty million dollars "abstracted" from our working farmers, in addition to generous dividends on millions of watered stock, "abstracted" from the same victims as provided "the melon."

When, in the luminous phrase of Mr. Dooley, the "leading—and the led—men of the Republican party" were engaged last spring in their familiar and congenial task of increasing the riches of the rich and the poverty of the poor, I ventured to address Mr. Payne a modest protest against the objects at which his committee seemed to be aiming, that of adding to the already too heavy indirect taxes, which found their final resting-places on the bowed backs of men, women and children who earn their livelihood, when they can earn it, by the toil of their hands. I stated that to my mind it was not too harsh a word to call the existing tax on sugar infamous, as it extorted as large an actual sum from every working-man barely able to support himself and family as it extorted from the richest multimillionaire in the land; and I ventured to express the hope, which I need not say was promptly disappointed, that in any revision of the tariff, sugar, at least, would be placed upon the free list. Your Tariff Board, however slowly it may move, will be, no doubt, actuated by excellent intentions; but no report from any board, even of angels, could prove that it is either just or wise for you to continue two years longer to require every grocery in the United States to rob the sweated seamstress and the unskilled workman of two artificial prices for the sugar that they must buy if they are to live. As you know, one such artificial price goes to the Treasury by your tariff—that is, by the indirect taxation the Canadian farmers declare to be economically and morally wrong—to be wasted by Congress according to Senator Aldrich; and the other, as you know equally well, goes to the Sugar Trust. You see, this is not a question of economics for any Tariff Board to settle, but simply a question in elementary ethics, which any honest man can at once decide. Of course those who profit by monopoly and extortion can always offer specious reasons for continuing them. Such was the case years ago when it was proposed to lift the two artificial prices from quinine, which had become essential to the health of very many people who could not afford to pay both the artificial price of the tariff and the artificial price of the monopoly; and it was loudly insisted that if quinine

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was put upon the free list the great and prosperous establishments of the manufacturing chemists in Philadelphia and elsewhere would be ruined. As soon, however, as those taxes were abolished these intelligent manufacturers promptly adapted themselves to the changed conditions and succeeded in increasing their great wealth as rapidly as ever before. It, therefore, requires no courage to predict that if you convene Congress in extra session and persuade them to put sugar, woollen clothing, meat and all other necessities of life to the poor upon the free list, as well as farming implements for working farmers, the same story will be told as with free quinine.

Assuming it to be wrong to levy unnecessary taxes upon the necessities of life to the unskilled working masses of the country and the necessary implements of agricultural labor, you will surely agree that the sooner the wrong is terminated the better. Now, it happens that while by refusing to call an extra session of Congress you only can prolong this wrong for two years, you only can give effect to the strongly expressed will of the people to put an end to it as soon as the ordinary processes of legislation will allow. The late Mr. Havemeyer bluntly expressed what was well known to all students of the subject that "the tariff is the mother of the trusts," and her brood has surely shown themselves fully worthy of their parentage.

Perhaps, also, you are not at liberty, as President of all the people of all parties, to forget that the late election was fought on the distinct issue of speedy relief from the extortions of the tariff and the trusts. You stood manfully by the great majority of your party and did everything possible to prevent the condemnation of those evils, but the plain people whose will is and ought to be the supreme law in a republic condemned them by an overwhelming majority. No doubt Mr. Roosevelt's uncalled-for intervention, with its inconsistent and violent indiscretions, however well intended, swelled the adverse majority; but the result would have been substantially the same had Mr. Roosevelt maintained a dignified abstention from the conflict, as, no doubt, he now realizes it would have been better to have done. The question recurs: "Will you stand between the people and the plain mandate they have given their representatives and continue to bind on the backs of the labor of the land:

"Burdens well-nigh not to be borne"?

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If, on the other hand, you promptly call together the men the people have elected to act for them in this matter, you assume no responsibility for the wisdom of their action until such measures as they enact are submitted to you for your approval, and if they seem to you unwise you can disapprove them. In any event, you will have allowed the people's representatives to discharge the duties confided to them by their constituents. If, with the measures they enact before you, it should seem advisable to you to continue the Payne-Aldrich tariff in effect two years after the people in their sovereign capacity have condemned it, you will be acting with full knowledge of what the lawful representatives of the voters offer you as a substitute for it, and you will, at least, have allowed the voice of the people to be heard. Otherwise by your mere will you will have stifled any effective expression of that voice for two whole years after it has plainly spoken, for if you refuse to call an extra session no practical relief can be sooner obtained.

You will not, I am aware, shrink from any proper responsibility of your office, but I beg you to carefully consider whether the responsibility of thus thwarting the people's will is a proper one. If so, there is no doubt you will have the courage to assume it. The only doubt is whether if it is not you will have the courage to decline it, for in considering the question the supposed welfare of your party and the opinions of those you are in the habit of consulting will very properly have great weight with you in reaching a conclusion; but I beg you to remember that "he serves his party most who serves his country best." In deciding whether you will allow this relief to be given or not, you ought in common justice to keep constantly before you the sharp line dividing the skilled and the unskilled labor of the country. The former is organized, and wisely and properly organized, in labor-unions, while the latter possesses no such protection from possible oppression, no matter from what quarter such oppression may come. It can only suffer, but with the ever-growing hatred oppression always fosters.

A striking illustration of the different conditions between these classes of labor, one of which makes itself heard in frequent demands for the betterment of its comparatively prosperous condition and the inarticulate class which cannot assist itself to escape from its unfortunate environment, is found in the recent action of Mr. Neill, the excellent

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Commissioner of Labor, who has just secured for a considerable number of railroad employees a signal advance in their already liberal compensation; but this advance, it must not be forgotten, is secured at the expense, in good part, of the laboring-classes below them who cannot afford walking delegates or high-priced officials to demand from time to time increased wages. Now, of course, there would not be the slightest objection to those increases if the prosperous classes of the country were to pay them; and equally of course, the shallow pretence will be again made that the railroad companies pay the large increases of wages Mr. Neill secured, but that pretence is now worn too thin for further usefulness. These increases, like all others of like kind, will, in the last resort, be paid in great measure by the sweated seamstresses and the overworked and underpaid shop-girls and by all unskilled and defenceless labor, including even the thin, weak, anæmic little boys on the breakers at the coal-mines, and the thin, weak, anæmic little girls in the neighboring silk-mills suffering already from too little food, too thin clothing and too much work. All the same, abundant dividends will continue to flow from coal-mines and the silk-mills to the prosperous classes who own them.

A single incident will show you what little impression this vast difference between the condition of well-to-do employees and that of the really poor has made even upon a man so warm-hearted as you are. Sitting in comfortable luxury, you recently dictated an appeal to Congress to abstract a further sum from the taxes already being extorted from the latter to pay pensions to the women clerks in Government employ who are warmly housed, working, when they do work, at agreeable tasks eight hours a day, with a month's vacation and a month's allowance for sickness each year, and who receive, say, thirty dollars a week for each week in the year. While you were dictating this appeal one of the victims from which these pensions, if paid, must be in part extorted was telling almost within your hearing how she, and those in like situation, not in Government employ had to work twelve hours a day, when they could get work, for five dollars a week instead of thirty. Now, is it not just possible that the women clerks in your employ had better, out of their liberal salaries, assist these unfortunate sisters in their penury than that the latter class

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should assist to pension those already so much better off? Of course it would be a wholly different question if pensions to all the necessitous and deserving poor were payable from taxes on the surplus wealth of the rich, but why well-paid Government employees should be especially selected for pensions at the expense, in part, of those poorer than themselves is not easy to understand; and it cannot be too often repeated that it is upon the poorest of the poor that the present tariff is most oppressive, and it is in their especial behalf that speedy relief from its cruel exactions is asked at your hands.

The second important service to the same unfortunate class of your fellow citizens you can render by calling an extra session is by entreating the newly elected representatives to that body to greatly diminish, if they cannot stop, the senseless, almost insane, waste of the public moneys which has now been rampant for years past in Congress. It is unnecessary to demonstrate what is easily demonstratable that of every dollar wasted by Congress the actual suffering caused by such waste falls on the poorest of the poor and just in proportion to their poverty, while the class to which we in some measure belong suffers the loss of no luxury even, much less any desirable comfort.

It was very creditable in Senator Aldrich to confess that, under the administration of Mr. Roosevelt and of yourself, three hundred million dollars were being wasted by each Congress; but evidently a natural tenderness for his party and his fellow members induced him to reduce the waste by nearly one-half, for it can be clearly shown that for every outlay essential to the true welfare and the true dignity of the nation five hundred million dollars for each Congress would be not only a sufficient, but a too generous provision.

One hundred million dollars could be saved in pensions alone if only those deserving pensions received them; but if a single deserter from the colors during the Civil War, or a single miscalled "Spanish War Veteran" malingering in camp at Chickamauga, or a single worthless young woman who beguiled an old soldier with one foot in the grave into marrying her is not on the pension list for life, it is wholly due to some oversight on the part of the pension agents. On the first day the present Congress reassembled, December 5th, 1910, less than a dozen bills dealing with proper matters of legislation were introduced in the House,

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and six hundred and thirty bills were introduced removing records of desertion so as to pension deserters, or granting new pensions or increasing pensions already granted; and on the next day, again less than a dozen bills dealing with proper subjects of legislation were introduced, and three hundred and eighty bills were introduced removing records of desertion so as to pension deserters, or granting new pensions on increasing pensions already enjoyed; and all this more than forty-five years after Lee surrendered.

Then consider what could be saved if the appropriations for naval and military purposes were made in a spirit of economy instead of waste. In 1863, in the midst of the Civil War, when our navy was blockading the coast from Maine to Texas and pursuing the Confederate cruisers on every sea, the entire cost of the naval establishment was sixty-three million dollars. In 1910, in time of profound peace, without an enemy in the world or the possibility of an enemy, the cost of the navy was one hundred and thirty million dollars. In 1895 the cost of the army was twenty-four million dollars; in 1910 it was one hundred million dollars; and so throughout the long depressing list of waste, still waste and still more waste, showing, as has been said, a kind of insanity in throwing away the taxes wrung, in a considerable part, from the unskilled and inarticulate men, women and children who are already living in a destitution of which we all ought to be ashamed.

There is one recent performance by Congress which, unless some reasonable excuse for it can be offered, seems to merit special reprobation—the expending of great sums of the public taxes for erecting, furnishing and maintaining the two costly marble palaces recently built, a goodly portion of whose cost is defrayed by those whose daily toil barely provides daily bread. If, it is assumed, those palaces cost, "by and large," six millions of dollars, then they cost the total earnings for a whole year of ten thousand members of the unskilled working-class. To maintain them, allowing interest on their cost, with the necessary repairs and attendance, will probably cost six hundred thousand dollars a year or the total earnings for a whole year of one thousand members of the same unhappy class. Now, allowing five members to a family, the cost of those palaces represent the entire means of livelihood of fifty thousand people for a whole year, and their annual cost represents the entire

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means of livelihood of five thousand people for a whole year. These palaces are reported, it is to be hoped to some extent incorrectly, to be provided with such waste in mahogany furniture, marble bath-rooms and even velvet cushions for the repose of the heads of wearied statesmen as formerly could be seen only in the *seraglio* of an Eastern Sultan. Before our Congressmen wasted these millions of the people's money on themselves they were far more luxuriously provided for and at far greater cost than any legislative body in the world;—far more so than the British Parliament, which has half as many more members and legislates for three times as many people scattered all over the earth; far more so than the legislative bodies of the German Empire, which has more than one legislative body and dealing with the gravest possible problems of statesmanship; and far more so than the legislators of the French Republic, which, like our own, is broad-based upon the people's will, and her legislators also deal with the serious and multiform problems now confronting all legislative bodies, including the problems peculiar to that great and gallant nation.

Now, whoever reads this morning's sad news of the wholesale bribery of voters in Ohio, and the sad news lately sent us from California, and Illinois, and New York, and Pennsylvania, and Delaware and other States, cannot believe that our Senators and Representatives are of such a superior class that no waste can supply surroundings sufficiently luxurious for their High Mightinesses. Barring a few multimillionaires, whom your Attorney-General may possibly indict, few, if any, members of Congress possess in their own homes such indications of surplus wealth as those with which they are reported to have surrounded themselves in these wholly unnecessary palaces of precious woods and gleaming marbles.

There is apt, however, to be a bright side to the darkest shield, and it is the great good fortune to those who still possess a saving sense of humor that the dreary pages of the " Congressional Record " sometimes offer amusement, even when illustrating this insane rage for wasting public moneys. One who has such sense of humor is sure to be more amused than angry when he reads that one Congressman, fearing that all the public moneys would not be egregiously and foolishly wasted, offers a resolution providing for

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the painting of portraits of all the dead and mostly forgotten Congressmen who, by one accident or another, occupied the chair of Speaker for a shorter or longer period. It is, of course, a long and depressing list, and one reading it feels as though he were walking in a graveyard and looking at strange tombstones, as he realizes that many of the gentlemen thus to be commemorated he never heard of and cannot pretend to ever wish to hear of. Then, too, this astonishing proposal for further waste recalls those dreadful efforts at art which so painfully disfigure the walls of the executive departments at Washington, in which it has become a rule that at least a thousand dollars shall be wasted in an effort to preserve for posterity a wooden likeness of the person, who for the time being, happens to be at the head of the department. It is a very safe prediction that if you should turn your art commission loose in those departments with "power to act," it might find one portrait in a hundred worthy of preservation and recommend that it be sent to the Corcoran Art Gallery, but it is very certain it would recommend that all the others should be promptly burned.

In considering, however, the waste of the public moneys by Presidents, by Cabinet Ministers and by Congressmen, it must always be remembered that the atmosphere of Washington has of late years caused, in most persons, a *paralysis of the moral sense,* and that it is surcharged with the grossest flattery of all persons in official position. As such persons are surrounded by the prosperous classes only, there is little cause for wonder that they are blind to the plain consequences that such waste is increasing the sufferings of those who cannot make their sufferings known. The cynical refusal, even by high-minded men in our public life, to consider the urgent problems now pressing for consideration in our own country as in all civilized countries, while allowing their less high-minded colleagues to recklessly vote away the public moneys and to concoct new schemes for further waste of them at the bidding of one corrupt lobby or another, is certainly a very unworthy attitude for any public man to occupy; and it is largely responsible for many far too sweeping and unjust imputations that corrupt motives influence all our legislators. One can read in this morning's newspapers such a mistaken and too sweeping indictment attributed to a learned and influential clergyman of New York. He is reported as saying:

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"I have been in this country for four years. During that time every investigation of a political nature has shown corruption and graft. It used to be said in Greece that the citizen who refrained from politics was an idiot. In this country it may be said that every one smirched in politics is a thief."

One can readily understand how such a conclusion was reached; but, all the same, it is erroneous, for there are honest and upright men in all departments of our national Government. They only lack moral courage to oppose corruption in others. The third service you could render during an extra session of Congress would be in urging its members to pass without further delay a bill imposing by generous stages of graduation "taxes upon inheritances." In the protest against the tax on sugar of last March, already mentioned, I ventured to ask, but have never had an answer, "why the colossal incomes and the colossal accumulations of surplus wealth should continue to be exempt from their proper share of taxation." It is an axiom among students of the subject that private property to be entitled to respect must show that it has been honestly earned and not dishonestly abstracted. That is, it must be able to show a service to the community fully equivalent to the sum taken from the community. Now, of all possible subjects of taxation, surely the surplus wealth which can make no such showing is the least open to a just exemption, and a properly graduated system taxing such unearned incomes and unearned accumulations will give you all the revenue anybody can wish to waste and without causing the persons thus taxed the loss of a single luxury.

Nor ought anybody to allow himself to doubt that many of the possessors of these ill-gotten fortunes would vastly prefer such taxation of their useless surplus than to have it imposed upon the absolute necessities of life to those less fortunate brothers whose lives are passed in that unceasing circulation of sorrow where hard daily toil sometimes provides and sometimes fails to provide sufficient daily bread.

There are two excellent reasons why you should press the graduated taxation of inheritances upon Congress without further delay: the one being that no question can possibly arise about its constitutionality, as that has been conclusively settled in an opinion by the present Chief Justice, which leaves nothing further to be said on the subject. The other reason justifying prompt action is that, instead of

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wasting any time in devising a new scheme for the purpose, an admirable precedent, ready made, will be found in the act of the British Parliament proposed by Sir William Harcourt when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the administration of Mr. Gladstone, and which received the approval not only of the House of Commons, but of the House of Lords and of Queen Victoria. It may, therefore, be assumed that it is at least a sufficiently conservative measure and one which the possessors of surplus wealth in this country can as readily accept as the aristocracy and nobility of Great Britain accepted it. Last year the graduated taxation of inheritances turned into the British Exchequer, say, ninety million dollars, which is about one and one-half times what you receive from your unjust tax on sugar. But in our more populous country and with our far greater number of very wealthy persons, the proceeds of such taxation would probably be much greater. All, therefore, that the draughtsmen of such a statute would have to do would be to translate the English money into corresponding sums of our money, and one serious inducement to the enactment of such a statute in this country without delay is the certainty that the longer it is delayed the more drastic will be its provisions.

There are, however, objections often heard to such an enactment which are easily answered. It is said that many of the States have already levied a tax on inheritances, and if the national Government did the same it would be imposing double taxation as well as interfering with the revenue of the States now levying such a tax, as well as creating an inequality between the citizens of the different States. Now, the truth happens to be just the reverse, for such a statute is the only practical method of securing equal taxation of inheritances in all the States, by inserting a provision in the statute allowing a deduction for any similar taxes levied by the State in which the property of the decedent is being administered. Such a provision will make the total taxation on the estate exactly the same, whatever tax any particular State may impose, and will remove once for all the temptation to wealthy residents of one State to move into another to lessen the taxation his estate will be called upon to pay; for there are, as is well known, some rich men who look forward with pleasure to continuing to " dodge taxes " even after they are dead; but when the two taxes, that of the nation and that of the State, are added together they will

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be exactly the same in every State in the Union. When the time comes, which is now close at hand, to enact a graduated taxation of incomes a similar provision will secure the same result of equality in that respect also in all the States. Now, why should the United States longer loiter in such a shameful fashion behind all other civilized nations in refusing to tax wealth?

The British Parliament is giving old-age pensions to over a million aged and deserving poor who had worked to the limit of their strength, but it must not be supposed for a moment that these people were articulate constitutents of the members of Parliament who voted them this instalment of justice. On the contrary, like our own poor, they were wholly inarticulate and dumb; and the pensions are now being paid to them because the conscience of the members of the British Parliament found it necessary either to cease professing Christianity or to give some proof that they were not hopeless hypocrites in professing it.

The truth is that the really important work with which statesmen all over the world are at present concerning themselves is the work of social reconstruction, which is the only effective bulwark against the rapidly rising tide of socialism. When in Berks County, Pennsylvania, the last place in the country where such a revolt could be expected, an "out and out" socialist is elected to the Legislature "they who run may read" the lesson. As such a bulwark has been too long neglected, it cannot now be too promptly constructed. The labors to erect such a bulwark by bringing all men together in closer brotherhood, making the poor daily less poor and the rich daily less rich, call for recruits for our public life imbued with love for their fellows and anxious to share with them in fuller and ever fuller measure the measureless bounty of God.

Our pitiable moral cowardice in refusing to tax surplus wealth, useless even to its possessor and harmful to the community, while we are continually increasing the indirect taxation of poverty, is daily dragging the country more and more surely to the edge of the abyss. Such is the uniform lesson of history; and the only wise men, the saints and the sages, have always preached, though too often to deaf ears, that such contrasts are sure to destroy law, and order, and private property, and social peace. The prophet, Amos, perhaps the earliest of those whose prophecies have reached

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us, bitterly denounced in those far-away days those who "oppressed the poor" and "crushed the needy," and he clearly foretold the doom which overtook the prosperous classes of his time. His latest commentator says that his prophecy "appeals in a very striking way to present-day society, for the evils the prophet denounced never appeared in more startling guise than in the Christendom of the present day, when extremes of wealth and poverty are grievously accentuated, the pursuit of pleasure and luxury treated as the supreme end of life by many and embittered struggles between capital and labor."

A striking confirmation of this opinion is found in the journals of this morning which printed a despatch from Washington saying that "dissatisfied workers in Pennsylvania are arming themselves with rifles on the wholesale scale preparatory to a vast strike," and it adds that the rifles which are to be secured are probably those which have been discarded by European armies which are believed to be imported in large numbers into the United States. Surely, if we call to mind the daily reports of lawlessness and murder on the part of dissatisfied workmen all over the country, we cannot fail to appreciate the appalling significance of this statement.

It has always been known that direct taxes upon the income of the citizen during his life and upon his estate after his death represent the most honest form of taxation, and that grading such taxes according to the wealth of the citizen is the most honest way of apportioning the expenses of Government. It has also always been well known that the prosperous classes have never paid their full share of those expenses, and they never will so long as indirect taxation is permitted; but taxes generously graduated upon incomes and inheritances will at least lessen to some extent the shameful inequality now existing in this respect between the rich and the poor, for such taxes will be less easily shifted upon some weaker class.

You lately heard some congratulations when you imposed taxes on corporations to meet some new extravagance on the part of the executive or legislative departments; but the corporations are doubtless even now shaking this tax through their sieves down upon the shippers, who will promptly shake it through their sieves down upon the jobbers, who will promptly shake it through their sieves down

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upon the middlemen, who will promptly shake it through their sieves down upon the retailers, who will promptly shake it through their sieves down *upon the consuming and defenceless poor, where it will stay.*

The limits prescribed to this appeal do not permit any statement in detail of what many of the laboring classes are suffering in this "land of the free and home of the brave." Whoever desires to know these facts will find an ample supply of them in publications which can be obtained at very moderate prices from the Charities Organization Society, at 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City, and in the issues of "The Survey" published under the same auspices.

In discussing an ethical question absolute accuracy in statistics is not necessary so long as the general truth in outline is presented. Speaking in that manner, our ninety millions of people may be roughly represented by the multi-millionaires, each of whom has abstracted by more or less objectionable devices from the wealth chiefly provided by the working classes untold millions of money; the millionaires who have abstracted fewer millions, but still an appalling number; the prosperous classes who hope to become millionaires; the well-to-do classes, the less well-to-do, but still fairly comfortable classes; and the great masses of men, women and children who earn their bread in the sweat of their brows. Of the first five classes it is probably a very liberal estimate to say that they will amount to thirty millions in all; and that the laboring classes, those whose constant struggle is "to make both ends meet," represent at least sixty millions of our population; that is, say, there are probably twelve million households whose breadwinners average by continuous hard labor six hundred dollars a year. Meanwhile the prosperous classes, to which we belong, continue in the enjoyment of luxury, and we are just now wisely and properly greeting each other with our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Here, however, is rather a chilling contrast to our satisfaction found in an extract from the current news of the day, and it can be matched by many similar incidents and worse, for in many cases such destitution has resulted in suicide and murder. It tells very quietly the story of a destitute mother and her children in New York City, overflowing, as we all know, with wealth and luxury and "money to burn." The mother, it says, "started out to get work, but on account

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of her three-months-old baby no one would employ her. Piece by piece her household articles that would bring money were sold or pawned, but *only a small quantity of food could be bought,*" owing, doubtless, in part to the tariff. "The family was close to starvation before its plight became known. Two collections were taken up yesterday: one among the neighbors and another among the policemen of the precinct. Last night the mother and her children had their first real meal for more than a week, and for the first time in that period had a little warmth in their flat." Meanwhile we are "clothed in purple and fine linen" and spend our nights at the opera, the theatre, at balls and great banquets, wasting in a single evening more than enough to keep such suffering households in comfort for a year.

Now, it may well be a part of common prudence, merely in a practical sense, to stop widening and begin narrowing such a gulf between the rich and the poor, which represents as nothing else does the tragedy of all human story. We will not be able ever, owing to the inequality of capacities with which we are born, to provide a perfect remedy for such inequality in our prosperous American life; but the struggle to establish a fairer and more reasonable evenness in human conditions is the most ancient, the most persistent and the most successful of all efforts of the human spirit towards a better life. The successes attending this struggle have been far greater in the century just closed than in any previous hundred years, and they are sure to be still far greater in the century just opened.

The chief purpose of this appeal is to ask you, as President of the United States, to enroll yourself with the hosts of good and wise men all over the world who are helping this onward and upward movement of mankind. It is at least possible that by calling an extra session of Congress and appealing to its members in your own earnest and eloquent manner you could induce them to confer three great and badly needed blessings upon twelve million American households—the removal of the tariff taxes from the articles essential to their continuance to live by putting all such articles upon the free list; the diminishing in large measure of the sheer waste of public moneys to which the poor would still be obliged in considerable measure to contribute; and the imposing of at least a portion of the burdens of taxation upon surplus wealth — that is, wealth not needed

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even to encompass its possessors with every possible luxury, including absolute idleness if they prefer that folly to the folly of acquiring more surplus wealth.

This appeal to you will of necessity be published later, but the season at which it is written has inspired it, for it is the blessed and gracious season when

"The time draws near the birth of Christ."

Now whether one professes or does not profess a belief that He was given a divine mission, no one can deny that He came in an especial sense as the friend and fellow worker of the poor and that His life and His teaching have as one of their chief objects an amelioration, as far as possible, of their sad condition. Perhaps nothing brings His attitude in this respect more vividly before us than His warm welcome of the suffering poor to heaven. He says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"; and as opposed to that welcome we read the reluctant but stern judgment He passed upon the prosperous classes. "How hardly," He says, "shall those who have riches enter into the Kingdom of God." And He repeats. "It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God."

Now, we know from painful experience that it is possible for prosperous clergymen with wealthy parishioners to endeavor to show that these words do not mean what they say; but no man dealing sincerely with himself can cherish such a delusion in the presence of those clear, positive and reiterated statements. It is not said to be impossible, but extremely improbable that members of the prosperous classes will, with true sympathy, consider the poor and seek in all proper ways to alleviate the misery of their condition.

To do so is harder for some members of those classes than for others, but it is too hard for perfect accomplishment by any of us; and finding fault with others is so much easier than keeping one's self in the "strait and narrow path" of righteous conduct that such fault-finding easily becomes itself a sin, blinding one to his own shortcomings while seeing clearly those of his neighbor. If, therefore, words or judgments lacking in charity have found place in this hastily written appeal, all one can offer in extenuation is to declare they were not so intended and to ask forgiveness for them.

WAYNE MAC VEAGH.

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THE CARNEGIE PEACE FUND

BY PAUL S. REINSCH

MR. CARNEGIE has again astonished the world, and this time by a benefaction which is most remarkable for boldness of conception, for the ampleness and impressiveness of the object proposed and for the vow of unceasing helpfulness to man in the struggle against powerful evils from century to century. It is unprecedented that a social and political purpose should have been endowed in this manner and provided with so powerful and flexible an organization. The general aim of the Peace Fund has been announced — the gradual abolition of war and the substitution of a judicial procedure for the brutal methods of personal combat. The details of approaching this purpose and realizing it have yet to be worked out. That such an enterprise should be established by an American citizen, that so powerful an organization for effecting an ideal purpose should originate on American soil, is a new proof of that national optimism which not only animates the conduct and philosophy of life of our people, but which has been the guiding force in our national foreign policy. All advances toward the restriction of war within narrower limits, and the solution of international difficulties by rational means, have found their strongest advocate in the American Government and people.

The programme of action to be followed by the board of trustees has not yet been elaborated. Without prejudging in any way the work of the Peace Fund, it is, therefore, possible at the present time to consider the promise as well as the limitations of such a vast undertaking as the present one. This organization may be developed so as to be a force of the greatest importance in our national life and in our relations with other countries. It is, therefore, natural that the general public should be interested in it and

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that publicists should consider the bearings of this establishment upon our national affairs and policies.

The old style of peace propaganda, which looked upon war as an evil entity to be fought against with imprecations and resolutions of congresses, is no longer effective. People give little heed to abstract arguments against war, which rest upon a quietist desire to tone down the vigor of life. The dominant note of our age is energism, and it is only constructive work and strenuous effort that command attention. The display of energy in warlike preparation, therefore, has its attractiveness, which can be counteracted only by pointing out some other constructive work in which the energies of mankind may manifest themselves to a higher purpose. The character of the men selected to form the board of trustees gives assurance that they will not be satisfied with theoretical propaganda. They are men of wide practical experience, and, as is apparent from the public expressions of some of them, they realize that the first requirement for a successful movement against the evils of war lies in a thorough understanding of the conditions of which war is merely a symptom.

Complete abandonment to the ideal of world-wide peace as immediately realizable would be fatuous. In the age in which we live the world still has many basic problems to solve in which the terrible arbitrament of war may be invoked. We need only remember that such fundamental questions as the distribution of the surface of the globe between the different peoples and races has not as yet been entirely settled. When there is a question as to what nation shall have the right to people a region with its sons, to till its fields and to develop its resources, conflict may transcend the limits of peaceable settlement, as in the controversy between Japan and Russia in the Far East. Another illustration—intentionally remote, but none the less indicating the seriousness of such issues—would occur should one of the South-American States—for example, Peru—try to exclude Oriental immigration and be confronted with a categorical demand to leave its doors open. A nation with important foreign interests is, therefore, bound to consider whether any position taken by it is such as can be maintained. A foreign policy is to-day inconceivable without a readiness to accept responsibility; and, unless we were to assume that the American nation is only playing at foreign

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politics, it certainly follows that a Government which is responsible for the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, which is pledged to the policy of the open door in the Far East, which has insular and outlying possessions to guard, including the great interoceanic highway of the Panama Canal, not to mention innumerable commercial interests, must needs give attention to the problems of self-defence. Under modern conditions, too, warlike action has often been prevented by the knowledge that military disturbances would be unsuccessful on account of the superior preparedness and organization of the eventual adversary. We need only think of recent affairs in the Balkan region. All this, of course, does not detract by one iota from the force of the principle that the best defence of nations is a policy of justice, nor from the patent fact that the present race for armaments borders on insanity and is driving the civilized nations into bankruptcy occasioned by the unproductive expenditure of public resources. There is, therefore, a great work to do, and the Peace Fund is strong enough to achieve objects that would elude efforts less carefully organized and less abundantly supplied with means. The president of the Second Hague Conference spoke of the idea of universal peace as a "bright star which will always guide us, but which we shall never reach." This is not the motto of the Carnegie Peace Fund. On the contrary, it is built upon the firm belief that universal peace and universal lawfulness are the only rational aims of human evolution which will surely be attained, though after much sacrifice. It is the aim of the institution to diminish this sacrifice and to allow this great and necessary purpose toward which civilization is tending to work itself out at less cost to humanity than if forces were left blindly to find their way. Human constructive statesmanship cannot bend the course of social evolution, but, perceiving that a certain goal is inevitable, it may greatly shorten and smooth the road to it which mankind has to travel.

While the men who are the responsible repositories of this trust may be confidently expected to select modes of action, both practical and fruitful, it yet seems appropriate at the present time for the public to consider what methods may advantageously be pursued in the furtherance of this great object. The work of any men or group of men engaging in social work naturally falls under three aspects: study,

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propaganda and action. It often happens, however, that those who study and have a command of the real facts in the case abstain from action, while those who make propaganda have given very little attention to scientific investigation. It is a great advantage of the Carnegie Peace Fund that the extent of its means permits of activities in all three directions so that one branch of its work may be informed and guided by the results obtained in another.

It is natural that at the beginning of an undertaking of this kind especial emphasis should be placed upon the careful scientific study of the field of action. While the subject of war has been investigated by many competent authorities, there has never before been provided an organization which could study its vast and complex phenomena in all their details through co-operative effort, with the result that accurate and complete determinations would give finality to the conclusions reached. Thus a great service would be performed by a scientific study of all the ramified causes of war, by mapping out, as it were, the etiology of war. War is not a compact entity, but a resultant from many complex phases of human life and experience. Certain causes which formerly produced war, such as dynastic interest, are no longer operative. The growing democracy of nations has not, as was originally expected, reduced the danger of war, but has added other impulses which may provoke hostility. It would appear that some of these causes could be studied with considerable scientific exactness. We could then distinguish between the more adventitious and the more fundamental causes, could direct our attention to the elimination of the former, and thereafter to the improvement of those more basic conditions which still foster malevolence and bitter hostility.

Biological and physiological science also has its contribution to make in securing for us a sound basis for a judgment on war. One of the most potent arguments made in behalf of the virtues of war is that this "iron tonic" of mankind keys up national life to a high level of efficiency and that military training and combat have an invigorating effect upon physique and character. Detailed scientific investigation ought to determine the actual effects of military life and action upon the physical and intellectual development of the race. In this connection complete and accurate data should also be secured as to the loss in human material in-

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flicted upon civilization by periodical blood-letting on a vast scale—a subject of investigation already suggested by a prominent biologist. These considerations are allied to others which include in their scope the various phases of human character and intellect, and which would ascertain with exactness whether the special fitness cultivated by military training and the sacrifice made in actual war are compatible with the development of those types of efficiency which the standards of modern life require. In a word, the question concerns the relation of warlike activities to personal and social efficiency from the point of view of the most essential demands made by modern civilization.

While the argument that war is costly will not be completely effective so long as conditions exist which may at times render war inevitable, yet it is desirable that mankind should be definitely informed as to the sacrifice it is making annually and permanently in defraying the cost of military preparation and of actual hostilities. This investigation is so vast that no individual could undertake it; it requires co-operative methods, the detailed study of each branch of the subject and a final synthesis of all the results thus obtained. In connection with the direct cost of warfare, investigations might also be made into the effect of war upon commerce and industry so that some adequate conception might be formed of the incidental loss inflicted by the great wars of the last century. The entire connection of high finance with the conduct of wars is of the greatest importance. If we could once clearly see to what an extent success in war to-day depends upon financial arrangements, it would become evident that armed combat has, to a large extent, lost its original meaning as a contest between national groups, that it is an anomalous condition influenced by a multitude of forces which lie beyond national control, and that in the nature of things it cannot withstand the movement of our day for the world-wide organization of economic and industrial life. Should wars become the means by which international capitalistic combinations play their game, the arguments upon which the defence of war at the present time rest would largely lose their force. The study of military operations would probably lead to the same conclusion. The processes of war have become highly technical and combats are decided by the mastery of forces which transcend the human material employed. Recent wars have

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shown how little avails the courage, the warlike *élan* of bodies of men like the Cossacks, where technical control and intellectual grasp is weak. But these technical matters are not altogether national; they are part of a world-wide science.

Investigations amply supported and patiently pursued will form the basis of an intelligent propaganda and of an effective influence upon international development. The public is, of course, most interested to know what direction the action of a powerful agency like this will take. Though animated with a social purpose than which no higher can be conceived, this is, after all, a private organization. It may, therefore, be assumed, with safety, that it will abstain from interference in diplomatic negotiations, prejudging in any way the responsible action of the Government. Any other course might at times become exceedingly embarrassing to those in whose hands the conduct of our foreign affairs is placed. They bear the responsibility; it is for them to choose the time and place for the urging of national policies even when the broadest questions of civilization are involved. But, on the other hand, there can be no doubt of the advantage to be gained by our Government in informing itself through the results gained by this institution and, if need be, in co-operating with it to bring about great national purposes. Similar considerations apply with respect to national legislation. It is essential that in combating the conditions which threaten humanity with wasteful war the world-wide character of these should be appreciated. Advance must rest upon the general improvement of the situation and upon a mutual understanding between the great powers. While it is, therefore, a part of real patriotism to insist that our foreign policy shall be pervaded with a spirit of justice, it would not be right to deny our Government those instruments for supporting its action in international affairs which those whom we hold responsible for the success or failure of our national policy may consider indispensable. But within these limitations there still remains a wide field in which legislative action may be informed and influenced, and more still may be obtained by securing joint measures on the part of the principal countries of the world.

Having considered the limitations which conditions seem to impose upon an organization of this kind, let us glance at some of the modes of action that hold out a rich promise

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of betterment. The only way in which war can be combated effectually is by discouraging those motives and impulses which from time to time lead to international hostility. The reverse of this proposition is that all those relations should be encouraged which draw men together and form between them a bond of mutual understanding. It is in this matter that the American people are especially in need of a broader outlook. Our national purposes and ideals are generous; we have high criteria of public conduct and abiding confidence in our institutions, but we are less prone to give credit to other countries for also working for the advance of civilization. A great deal may be done to overcome this provincialism. This would not be direct peace propaganda, but it would be even more effectual. The dogmas of pacificism already are abundantly familiar, and when they are formally brought forward they are usually discounted by the hearers. But a far different result is produced when American audiences come in contact with representative men from Europe and Asia, when they hear from their lips ideas which coincide with our own best purposes, and when they are made to feel that the problems which we are struggling with, the enthusiasm which warms our hearts, are shared by these men from distant lands. Whatever can be done to promote this mutual knowledge will, therefore, be a most effective aid in achieving the work of this institution. A French gentleman has established a fund for defraying the expenses of groups of young men who are annually sent around the world and who, upon their return, have to make a report containing their observations. It is an interesting fact that among the most notable younger publicists in France, those most conversant with foreign affairs, several have received their first training through this opportunity. The establishment of scholarships held by foreign authorities, and of travelling fellowships based upon the idea that the recipients are to make an especial effort to understand the civilizations with which they come in contact, would, therefore, be a fruitful enterprise for this or any other similar institution. Much might also be accomplished by encouraging great meetings, such as the Universal Races Congress which is to be held in London in July, where all the countries of the world are to be represented. Wherever organizations or institutions are already carrying on the work of providing a better inter-

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national understanding co-operation might readily be established with most beneficial results. It is also important that in all of our American universities and larger colleges there should be maintained at least one professorship of international law and foreign affairs, to the end that the intelligence of the rising generation be broadened so as to comprise within its interests the development of humanity and civilization in other lands. Before we can have a real unity of the world strong enough to counteract local sentiments, differences, and hostilities, there must be created that psychic unity which involves a deep mutual interest and a sympathetic understanding among all the nations of the world. This is promoted only in a superficial manner by occasional congresses; it must be made to enter into the daily life of our populations.

A most useful work might be accomplished in combating the nefarious sensationalism that blemishes so large a portion of the daily press. Under present conditions, we usually receive in the newspapers the most distorted and exaggerated versions of what is going on in other countries. Although conditions have improved somewhat of late, the manner in which foreign affairs are reported to the public is not a compliment to its intelligence. An adequate treatment of the great developments in foreign countries would surely arouse a deep and intelligent interest among our people. No greater benefit could be conferred upon the reading public in America and in the world at large than if there were stationed in each one of the leading capitals and commercial centres highly trained journalists who would study in an impartial way everything bearing on temper and action in international affairs. These men ought not to be propagandists, but calm and trained observers upon whose reports implicit reliance could be placed. A most important service might be performed in this connection at times of international crises and misunderstandings. At such times the sensational tendencies of the press are uppermost, while nothing is more essential than to have a clear impartial account of facts and situations. Such reporting would often remove the cause of misunderstanding and might be instrumental in preventing unnecessary wars. It is all-important that the seriousness of war should be appreciated and that there should be laid before the public at a critical time not only an impartial report of the grounds of conflict, but

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also some indication of what would be involved in taking the fatal step.

Throughout the work of an institution of this kind would be successful, in a measure, as it would seek out and assist those forces which are already making for international co-operation. It is a notable fact that contemporaneous with the vast increase in armaments, there has gone in the last decades a no less surprising development of positive international organization. I do not here refer only to peace congresses, but primarily to international groups or unions formed for considering and developing those world-wide relations by which any particular economic or cultural interest may be affected. Already there have been founded no less than one hundred and fifty such unions; over thirty of these are composed of States and are, therefore, authoritative and public in their action. A great work may be done at the present time in correlating these mutually independent efforts and institutions, in ascertaining which may co-operate more directly and in elaborating an organization which could mediate between them or include them all, giving to each its proper sphere. This is a question not to be worked out with reference to any theory, but from a study of the actual operations of these unions and of the needs of the interests which they represent. Towards bringing about this co-operation an institution like the Carnegie Peace Fund may contribute a great deal. But there is another manner in which it could be very useful. Most of these unions are supplied with a public budget just sufficient for carrying on their ordinary operations. They find it, however, more difficult to undertake special investigations of a comprehensive nature which may, nevertheless, be necessary for the proper development of their work: here a great and wealthy institution might effectually come to their assistance. Just as an example, it might be impossible for the International Agricultural Institute, with the means at its disposal, to carry on an exhaustive inquiry into the question of agricultural co-operation; or, again, the Pan-American Union might desire to investigate, in all its details, some problem like the improvement of the international commercial mechanism. By working through and in conjunction with these existing institutions the Carnegie Peace Fund would give substance to its work in strengthening those practical lines of activity which are already

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doing much to bring about the realization of its main purpose. It is also possible that new lines of international co-operation might be developed; thus, for example, a plan or project for a treaty on concerted action by the police of different countries, not only in the extradition of criminals, but in the prevention of crime, extending the idea which is now partially applied in connection with the white-slave trade.

The international unions, while engaged in the important work of preparing the future organization of the world, have not as yet been sufficiently noticed by the general public. In national congresses they often have no friends, so that their appropriations are small and granted grudgingly. Looking over the pages of the "Congressional Record" in which some discussion of appropriations of this kind is reported, one will find that in general very little is known about the work of these unions, so that their needs are either taken on faith or provisions are made in the spirit of granting to some favored gentlemen an international junket. As nations and parliaments become more acquainted with the useful work performed by these organizations they will be more liberal in their support, all of which would react favorably upon the strength of the entire peace movement. It is here that the Carnegie Peace Fund can perform a real service in bringing before the world the true meaning of the international organization that has already been created and in assisting the unions in securing the financial and moral support which is essential to the proper performance of their work.

A most promising field of action will be found in making the leaders of the financial and industrial world conscious of the manner in which war obstructs and interferes with the development of their interests, which are in essence world-wide. Moreover, the unproductive investment of vast sums of money in armaments is a matter of great concern to the men who are responsible for the economic efficiency of national life. It ought to be comparatively easy to organize a strong and influential sentiment among these classes in favor of the policy of confining war more and more to the combatants and exempting from it the activities of commerce, industry and transportation. Judging from the composition of the board of trustees of the Carnegie Peace Fund, these possibilities were in the mind of the donor. He

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has not selected primarily propagandists, but men of action; and, moreover, men who are in touch with those interests and social activities in which the greatest practical question to-day is efficient international organization.

After reading the records and reports of such organizations as the Interparliamentary Peace Union or the Universal Peace Congress, one would not be at a loss to pick out a programme of abundant activity for a great organization like the one we are discussing. Many of the things suggested cannot be carried out by the means at the disposal of these bodies. Thus the last Peace Congress, at Stockholm, recommended the study of projects for the limitation of armaments. This subject is, indeed, in need of a most patient preliminary investigation. When first proposed as a policy in recent conferences, it could not as yet be supported by arguments based upon a comprehensive knowledge of the actual facts both as to existing conditions and as to feasible policies. All the alternatives suggested as a basis of limitation should be studied in their connection and bearing upon national development throughout the world in order that a plan might be selected against which the strong arguments thus far advanced could not successfully be urged. In our present era such matters cannot be decided on the spur of the moment or on the basis of generous intentions. They must be supported by the most convincing exposition of a definite plan adapted to the exact situation in which nations find themselves. The proportionate reduction or limitation of armaments is undoubtedly a policy which the world will soon have to accept in order to avoid universal bankruptcy. No greater service could be rendered than the production of a report which would form the basis of an unassailable plan for such limitation. The Carnegie Peace Fund is in a position to do for future conferences the kind of work performed by Sir Thomas Barclay in his excellent report on Problems of International Practice. If one scholar could produce a work so useful, we may, indeed, hope for very comprehensive and convincing reports from this institution in the way of preparatory studies that may be utilized by international conferences. It may also furnish information that will influence the action of national legislatures. Bearing in mind the limitations pointed out above, there nevertheless remains a broad field for this activity. Let us but consider the manner in which the

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neutrality laws may be developed for the purpose of confining hostilities strictly to the combatant powers and not allowing either of them to gain strength or resources from the neutral nations. It is very desirable that neutrality laws should be extended so as to make it unlawful to advertise and sell, during the progress of a war, bonds intended to furnish the means for carrying on the struggle. The idea of neutralization should also be further developed by treaty, together with the exemption from military action of the ordinary processes of commerce. Thus the suggestions that certain straits and railways be neutralized, that contraband be limited to specifically military articles, that blockade be restricted to fortified places, are in line with that rational policy of freeing from the effects of war those pursuits in which the whole world has an interest.

It still remains for us to speak of what for the present is certainly the crowning work of international activity. If nations are to subject themselves to the jurisdiction of international tribunals, they have a right to be assured that the law to be enforced by these courts accords with the highest conception of equity and justice held by modern mankind. The working out of a model international code is, therefore, the foremost task which any institution or group of men at the present time can undertake in this field. A number of notable efforts have, indeed, already been made in this direction. America has contributed the code of David Dudley Field and the military laws of Francis Lieber. More recently the Government of Brazil, in contemplation of a meeting of jurists soon to be held in Rio de Janeiro, has had codes of public and international law prepared. A Canadian lawyer has just published a code, and the Universal Peace Congress at its last session received a project elaborated by M. Emile Arnaud. The American Association of International Law has appointed a committee to make preparatory studies with respect to an international law code. All these efforts have contributed to clarify ideas with respect to what may be attainable in the way of international legislation. The means and organization of the Peace Foundation will enable it to take a leading part in furthering this work. In order to be adequate, a codification should rest upon a comprehensive, detailed and scientific study of precedent in diplomacy and arbitration, as well as of the legal doctrines elaborated by the authorities. It

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should be based on a thorough knowledge of existing practice in all the branches of international relations; but it should also suggest and develop principles in which account is taken of the new forces that have come into the life of the world in our own era. A combination of patient inquiry, of scientific exactness and of constructive ability is called for in order to assure an adequate result. One sentence or clause in the completed code may be the outcome of years of investigation and thought; only after accurate scholarship has thoroughly collected and digested all precedents, after constructive minds have made a synthesis of all these results, will statesman-like action have at hand the materials for making a code that will command the respect of the world.

We might continue indefinitely, following out new lines of investigation, propaganda and action which an institution of this kind might undertake. Contemporary internationalism comprises all the interests and activities of civilized life, and work for the advancement of peaceful relations may be done in many fields at first sight remote from the main purpose. Yet, perhaps enough has been said to indicate that even a vast institution provided with ample resources, such as the Carnegie Peace Fund, will find itself fully occupied in following out only a few of the many lines of activity through which the generous purpose of its founder, which accords also with the highest aim of our modern civilization, may be advanced and turned from hope and aspiration into accomplished fact.

PAUL S. REINSCH.

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THE DEMOCRATIC OPPORTUNITY

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

In view of the new conditions that appear to be confronting us—new seas of peril that surround us and talk of new methods of meeting these perils that din in our ears—it would seem clear to any student of public affairs that never in our time has there been a greater need for sane and unselfish thinking, or when a greater opportunity was presented a political party to render a vast service to the American people and, consequently, to the world than is now offered the Democratic party.

A comparison of the last two elections must prove to any clear-minded man that there is a great body of sound conservatism in the country which refuses to be bound to the chariot wheel of any political party—that there are hundreds of thousands of independent thinkers and voters in the land—enough to decide at any time any question of sufficient gravity to arouse their interest. This conservative element is divided between the parties. That portion in the Democratic party withstood all the delusions on the silver question and decided the issue, and now a similar element in the Republican party has broken through the trammels of custom and has rebuked the leaders of that party for their sacrifice of the people to "the interests."

Sundry and diverse causes are assigned for this change and range all the way from the "off-year" idea and the tidal change of "the floating vote" to the recognition of the fact that "Speaker Cannon was too heavy a load to carry," while tingeing them all was the resentment over the high cost of living, the factional dissensions in the Republican party, and the grave and far-reaching distrust caused by the surprising utterances of Mr. Roosevelt.

It is probable that all of these causes contributed to the result, but no one of them was the chief and final cause.

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This cause would appear to lie deeper and to be founded in the conviction on the part of the people that the Republican party had been sold by its leaders in State after State for a mess of pottage and had come to be the creature of a privileged class and to stand for special privileges for that class, while the declared Democratic principle was the ending of all privilege and the securing of equal rights to all the people in the legislation enacted in their name.

What caused the change does not appear to have been so much confidence in the Democratic party as a feeling of betrayal at the hands of the Republican party. This feeling has been long in taking root—so long that one who recalls the vast corruption funds contributed by the privileged and protected classes and their attendant lobbies and able champions in high places wonders at the blindness that permitted it to go on. But in the end the root has struck deep and we have the first fruit: the unmistakable intention of the people of the country to give the Democratic party an opportunity to redeem its pledges and to make good its promises.

The Republican party has had many opportunities. It has been for a generation, politically speaking, nearly omnipotent. Enthroned on the Olympus of public patronage and private privilege, like Jove, it created the atmosphere in which it cast its thunderbolts.

Following the example set him by a Democratic statesman in continuing to recognize the high principle that "public office is a public trust"; to enforce Civil Service Reform and to declare for the rights of the people as against privilege, Mr. Roosevelt struck away one prop which the Republican party had rested on.

One, however, he left, and it was the greatest of all. "The cohesive power of public plunder" was for the most part sheared away through the enlargement of Civil Service Reform, though the machinery by which it had been kept in existence remained; and the standard of official requirement generally was vastly raised, though in certain States the bosses were left well-nigh as supreme as before. A boss substantially supreme, with the aid of a great corporation, continued to boss Pennsylvania and hold it as a pocket borough; another boss continued to boss New York; and so it was elsewhere, only not to the same extent. But the chief agency he left untouched. The tariff itself, with its

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protection for a privileged class, created the vastest corruption fund that ever existed. Among all Mr. Roosevelt's declarations against privilege—and on this subject his declarations were wholly democratic—he was singularly silent on the enormity of the tariff—the foundation of privilege, for even the head of the sugar trust admitted that the tariff was the nursing mother of the trusts. The Philistines were too strong for Samson, and he who attacked the lion in his covert and fought a righteous battle against the captains of the Old Guard held his peace on this most important subject in the presence of the oppressors of the people. At the Saratoga convention he surrendered to the forces of privilege and the tariff was endorsed again by its "friends." Happily, his aid in the great struggle then pending was not needed. The people were seeing light.

When the publication of campaign contributions was decided on the Republican party was really doomed, for it had abandoned its old claim to be founded on a moral principle and was frankly basing its claim to usefulness as a party solely on the protective principle—the protection of the privileged class.

Accordingly, when, though only after much opposition, the law was put into effect, requiring the publication of all large campaign contributions, the chief means by which the power of this subsidized party had been continued fell to the ground. Samson had overthrown the pillars and the structure could not stand. The Democratic party may certainly claim the title to this victory. Like the landing of Garibaldi's craft on the Calabrian shore, it was a small boat, but it carried a great fortune.

Nothing has been more remarkable in the political history of the last two administrations than the easy and wise adaptability with which the titular chiefs of the Republican party have adopted certain Democratic principles and utilized them, forcing them on their party leaders. They have, indeed, ploughed with the Democratic heifer, for nearly every sound policy which Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft have advocated were those for which the Democracy have been so long contending. One might, for example, instance the control of the illegal monopolies called trusts; the effort to destroy the pernicious system of rebating by which the vampire trusts, with the aid of the great traffic lines, sucked the life blood of their competitors

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and charged them a toll for the operation; the attempt, though it was somewhat tardily made, to give a chance for the freer expression of the people's will, through the law requiring publication of campaign contributions before election, without the travesty of deferring such publication until after election. And, finally, the yet tardier adoption of the principle for which a distinguished, though unsuccessful, candidate for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket contended in his canvass—the economical administration of the Government.

It is because of their adoption and earnest advocacy of these principles of the Democracy that I have always maintained that those two distinguished gentlemen were much in advance of the party at whose head they found themselves. My personal judgment is that, however much they may have differed, they both have sincerely sought the welfare of the whole people and have desired to execute the office of President with an eye single to the public good. If they have failed in any particulars, it has been because they were "hampered" not by the Senate alone, as one of them is credited with having asserted in another connection, but by the party to which they belonged, which, with its powerful organization, stood for class legislation under whatsoever plausible form. But neither Mr. Roosevelt nor Mr. Taft has been strong enough to resist the organization which placed them in power.

Nor would it be proper for a moment to characterize as dishonest the great body of the members of that party. The multitude of this party, as of the other party, are without doubt honest and patriotic men—they believe in the tariff as religiously as they believe in any other tenet in which they have been reared. They vote, so to speak, by inheritance and are the innocent instruments of oppression and privilege. Yet, so oppressive had this class legislation grown that in the last national convention of the delegates of that national party which has stood for it with a consistency worthy of a better cause—a revolt was threatened by so considerable an element of their own supporters that they were forced to reckon with them. Throughout the West and Northwest — the hotbed of Republicanism while it had a moral national issue — the murmuring grew louder and louder, until it became necessary to appease these malcontents. An express promise was made to revise the law under

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which its most universal, far-reaching and insidious form of oppression was maintained. But they declared that it must be revised "in the house of its friends." As well talk of revising the laws of Piracy in the cabin of Lafitte or Blackbeard.

They revised it in the house of its friends—with what result the 8th of November showed.

At first they actually began to discuss whether "revision" necessarily meant downward. It may be frankly admitted that it does not—certainly not in the history of the Republican party—but used in the sense in which it was used by that party and every member thereof at this time, it meant this alone; and this the people knew. It was a bold and flagrant betrayal of the trust reposed in them, and, what is more, it was a stupid one. For it was an attempt to fool the people. Deceived by them, the people rebelled, and, finding that they had been betrayed by one party, they turned to the other.

Next, the Republican leaders made a concerted attempt to show that the measure adopted was a fulfilment of their pledge—that they had revised the tariff downward. This in face of the fact that steamships rushing across the ocean had telegraphed imploring that the custom-houses be kept open so that they might land their cargoes before the new tariff law went into effect and that prices promptly soared upward. They displayed with gravity the figures showing the great number of articles on which they had lowered the duties from dried acorns and fish-bones to orange-peel and raw hides. Against this was the singular fact that the struck balance of the duties levied under the Payne bill was actually greater than under the Dingley bill, but the true answer to their argument was the upsoaring of prices of everything save brains and brawn, labor and service. From the sole of the foot to the crown of the head there was no article of apparel that was not dearer—from the nipple on the baby's milk-bottle to the spade that dug the old man's grave there was not one object in all the industrial round of life that did not rise in cost to the consumer, while none or very little of the increase went into the hands of the laborers who produced it. The huge increase was divided between the sagacious persons who combined in illegal trusts and secured the protection of their manufactures by the tariff and the shrewd middlemen who agreed with less formalities

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not to undersell each other. Only the consumers suffered—the men who live on fixed salaries or daily wages representing, say, seventy million of our people. A distinguished Senator from the State at whose behest raw hides had been favored was at equal pains to show that the tariff had nothing to do with the rise of prices, as witness the rise in shoes, and that the triumph of the Democracy would reinstate the South in power. The people, however, knew better; they knew how "the illegal combines" had come into power, and they knew where they found their support. They knew that the rise in leather could no more be due to free hides than a rise of dust could be due to rain.

The revolt spread. So urgent became the need of aid that the highest authority in the land—the honored and broad-minded President himself—was brought out to strike his hand over the place and speak the word that should heal the sore—with what result! He expressed his opinion that the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill, which he had signed to preserve the solidarity of the Republican party, was the best tariff law ever adopted by the Republican party. This was possibly not very high praise. The answer of the people indicated that the solidarity of the Republican party was no longer a fetich to conjure with. The solidarity of the Republican party meant now class legislation and appalling and oppressive prices. The gentleman nominated on the Saratoga platform was defeated; the able representative for whom the President spoke at Winona has been left at home; Mr. Aldrich, the very Apostle of Protection, is in face of the handwriting on the wall retiring from public life; Mr. Payne who fathered the tariff bill has had a fight for his political existence, and Mr. Lodge is discovering that appeals to sectional feeling no longer take the place of economic facts in the minds of the people.

In this novel state of the case an attempt was made to follow the ancient Hebrew custom and bind the sins of the party on a scapegoat. For this sacrifice a person was selected whose position was commanding enough to attract attention—a firstling of the flock, so to speak. Mr. Cannon was frank, able, bold, resolute, in his declarations against tariff revision. He stood for the utmost that the most stern and unbending high protectionists stood for, and he stood boldly—almost truculently—for what others stood for in secret and under cover of his courage. With his majority

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well organized at his back he was able to be a dictator in the matter of legislation; and he was a dictator. Representative Government so far as the House of Representatives was concerned was what he and the Committee on Rules pleased to allow. It was only when the people changed that a section of his organization changed. It was change or stay at home and they made their choice promptly. Then finding the bold and scornful Speaker in danger, they began gradually to withdraw from him, and as it gradually appeared more popular to do so they grew bolder—until at last even the most tardy grew bold enough to assail him. Even those who might be termed the Cordelias of his House are now declaring that they can no longer support him.

> "Had you not been their father, these white flakes
> Had challenged pity of them."

But it is known by every one conversant with the facts that whatever cause the Democrats may have had to assail Mr. Cannon, what he declared was quite true—he could not have retained his power for a single hour except with the aid and endorsement of the organized Republican majority at his back, in which majority were, of course, included the members who deserted him in his hour of trial.

It has become the fashion to aid in the effort to bind the sins of Republican rule on Mr. Cannon's back. He is undoubtedly entitled to be laden with his full share of this burden, but he was only more bold and more honest than most of his former followers who now assail him. When he was most dictatorial they were most subservient; they surrendered to him the right of the people to be heard on the floor of the Congress, and it was only when the people revolted that they mustered up the courage to aid the Democracy in resistance to his methods. The cause of the trouble dates further back than Mr. Cannon's rise to power.

For years we have been led forward like the ass in the fable with a bundle of hay held in front of his nose. For years we have been assured that, under the protective principle, we were all most prosperous—that we were steeped in riches beyond the dream of avarice—that a door had been opened in the Orient through which our trade was extending into that vast market. In fact, we were so wealthy a few years ago that we had to increase our pension list and enter upon all sorts of wild and reckless extravagance to

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exhaust our surplus. The suggestion of the Democrats to reduce duties and cut down expenditures was scoffed at. The country was lulled into an iridescent dream of greatness and power and wealth. We awoke to find our greatness mere bulk; our wealth mainly confined to a class swollen with ill-gotten plunder of the masses; our country hated by every other nation on the surface of the globe. We awoke to find traffic lines and trusts with watered stock and overcapitalization grinding the people between the upper and the nether millstone—to find our population habituated to habits of wild extravagance instead of economy and thrift, as their fathers had been—and yet more unhappily to find them accustomed to the malign suggestion of the stretching of the Constitution by executive order and judge-made law instead of by constitutional methods. We awoke to find the expenses of the Government grown to a fabulous sum and the fact used boldly as an argument to maintain the enormous duties behind which Privilege is entrenched, and to find the people turning to socialism and other outworn or untried specifics for the cure of the trouble. Our forces in the Orient have extended, indeed, but in a way to cause us equal expense and anxiety, while at the same time we have so neglected and dealt with our American neighbors who are our natural allies that we have not only wasted in the past our opportunities for trade in that great market, but have substituted for the warm friendship which they once felt for us their bitter hostility.

One may go from New York to-day entirely around South America and never see the American flag afloat. He may, indeed, encircle the globe, as a friend of mine has recently done, and not see it three times, unless it be on a war-ship. Our merchant marine has disappeared from the ocean.

I am not arguing at this time and in this place against the principle of a strong navy. Indeed, if we are to maintain ourselves in the Orient, we must, so long as other nations continue their policy of increasing their navies, participate ourselves in the same folly, though I earnestly long for the time to come when nations shall be at peace and the principles of law, adjudged and enforced by international courts, shall take the place of the huge navies and armies that now overburden the world. Within the past month the House of Representatives, by a large vote, passed a bill which, it is stated, will add forty-five million dollars to our

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pension roll. And the end is not yet. Truly, we are being fried in our own fat. I note that we pay more for pensions growing out of a war that ended forty-five years ago than Germany pays to maintain the greatest military establishment in the world; that as the shining ranks of those who saved the Union have thinned, the roll of the pensioners has steadily increased, and the deserter, the faker, and the perjurer have become the beneficiaries of that which the people intended as the tribute of their gratitude. I recall with sorrow that not long since a report was made by a commission which showed that of our vast annual expenses eighty-two and one-half per cent. were due to the effects of war, past or prospective, and but seventeen and one-half were caused by all the other burdens of Government.

When the people shall awaken fully to these facts the need will be only one of administration, for they themselves will provide that the principle be established.

And now the question arises: What will the Democratic party do with the chance thus offered them?

Mr. Lincoln is credited with the wise observation that the Democratic party always did the wrong thing at the right time. Have they learned anything since then in the school of Adversity? It remains to be seen. Will they, in the very outset of their progress, quarrel over " the loaves and fishes " or will the vision of the future lend them the self-restraint and wisdom which they so sorely need? Signs are not wanting even now that the first contest for an office of importance will split their forces and engender bad blood to a degree that may imperil their future success. The plan of elective committees is even now creating rivalries and enmities which threaten the integrity of the party. If the views of a disinterested friend might prevail, they had better follow the example of the early Church and select a leader by lot than enter on a contest which may disrupt them.

On this point, it goes without saying that no Speaker should be chosen who does not recognize the fundamental right of the people to have their legislation based on due deliberation and discussion.

In passing, it may not be impertinent to warn the Democratic leaders in the House of Representatives that no nostrum in the form of placing the Speakership in " Commission " through elective committees or enlarging the Committee on Rules will cure the canker which has been de-

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stroying representative government in the national assembly. That evil which has grown so markedly of late that men have even given it a name, "Cannonism," must be arrested by the House itself, which should adopt a system of rules adequate to the situation and resilient enough to be ever responsive to the will of the majority; and then on the Speaker should devolve the responsibility of their due enforcement. It is an essential principle of every deliberative assembly that the majority should have the power to control its action and that there should be a presiding officer with authority to direct its procedure. This is absolutely essential in a national assembly in which only a fraction of the measures proposed can by any possibility be deliberated on. The responsibility for constructive work is on the majority and no deliberative body could proceed with any hope of usefulness without a recognition of these principles. To control its power of action would be to destroy itself and render its existence abortive—to enable obstruction to usurp the place of construction. The majority is responsible to the country. The Speaker should be responsive to the majority. Any diffusion of responsibility would simply make confusion worse confounded. One fact is plain. They must restore the lost principle of representative Government in the House of Representatives.* The people wish it. And this done, they must proceed promptly and honestly to carry out the pledges they have made the people and abolish privilege. They must boldly cut protection down to the lowest point allowable by our economic conditions and they must do it promptly. They were elected to do this fundamental thing. No galvanizing of dead issues will take its place.

This is not the first occasion on which the door of opportunity has been opened to the Democracy and they have shut it on themselves. Let them remember "the landslide" of 1892 and its consequences. The same thing may easily occur again. Titus is still before the gates. By 1912 the shattered and shaken forces of Privilege will have recovered

* A thoughtful suggestion was made during the last session of the Congress by a distinguished representative from Kentucky—Mr. Swager Sherley—as to a method by which a majority of the House could at any time bring about consideration of a measure in due and orderly manner without resorting to the revolutionary method of an attack on the Speaker and which should go far to prevent the effect of packing committees. See "Congressional Record," April 1st, 1910, Debate on H. R., 23311.

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from their overthrow and the fight will have to be made over again. Only by uniting on the fundamental principles and making mutual concessions as to personal interests can the Democracy hope to win. If they falter the party is lost. The principles will some day be victorious, but the Democratic party will have lost the glory of the victory.

One difficulty with the Democracy has been that they have always had so many men ambitious to command and so few able to command. The situation recalls the story of the old planter in the South who undertook to offer remunerative work to all soldiers returning home from Appomattox and so posted a notice on his gate-posts. He soon found himself obliged to modify his notice and post, "No more Major-Generals wanted." The simple fact is that the people do not care a straw whether a gentleman from Missouri or a gentleman from Virginia or from New York shall preside over the House of their Representatives. What they do care for is that the deliberations of "that respectable body" shall be deliberative and neither tyrannical nor ineffective, and shall result in giving them legislation that shall be sane, sound, wise, constitutional, protective of their rights and considerate of their needs.

The Democracy has before it a clear, if difficult, mission—to establish the rights of the people according to the Constitution, and to make it plain that among these rights is the right to acquire and hold and use property in any manner not inconsistent with the rights of others and only so. If the rights of the people and this property right are conflicting, then is this latter no right, for the rights of the people are the supreme law. But why should the rights of the people be in conflict with any other right properly apprehended and defined? If there be a conflict, it must of necessity be that the definitions are wrong and what is termed a right is no right. It is conceivable that what A, B, or C or A, B, C and Co., Incorporated, may call and even deem their rights in and with certain property, may conflict seriously with the rights of the people; but if so we have a clearly defined and well-established method of ascertaining the fact. And surely there can be no conflict between the rights of the people and any real right to hold and use property which has been honorably and lawfully acquired. Such alleged property rights may, however, have been obtained in contravention of law—for example, through

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the debauchery of the representatives of the people themselves, through disregard and betrayal of the recognized duties of trusteeship—and it makes no difference whether the privileged class be limited or extensive as to numbers. To illustrate again: if any class, whether small or large, any guild, any combination or federation or union, any calling or occupation, which by training, experience and organization finds itself able to assert a right to a special privilege of any kind, this right must give way to the rights of the people.

It is the high mission and duty of the Democratic party at this juncture to reconcile these apparently conflicting claims and to adjudge between them, guarding alike the rights of the people and of that element of the people who by wisdom, economy and thrift have honorably and lawfully been able to accumulate property and are properly exercising ownership thereof.

The Democracy must be at once both progressive and conservative. It must honestly fulfil its pledges. It must meet bravely the questions arising out of the new conditions of which we hear so much, and it must conserve those rights of the individual on which our security has been based in the past. Nor is this reconcilement as difficult as some would have us believe. We are, it is true, drifting into new seas; but we have a chart by which we may steer safely, however perilous the tides that swing and sway us and the rocks and reefs that appear in our course. Its name is the Constitution.

And it was drawn by a body of wise, experienced and patriotic men whose minds were set on one thing—Civil Liberty through the perpetuation of Republican institutions.

Moreover, we have not only a clear issue in the rights of the people against privilege, but for the first time in some years we have a choice of leaders, any one of whom will command respect and meet the most exacting standard as the representative of the national Democracy—for all are men of character, ability and devotion to the ideals of Democracy—all stand for Equal Rights for all and Privilege for none.

Not long since we were told by a distinguished citizen whose experience and former service gave him the right to the attention of the country that what we need is to awaken to the call of "the New Nationalism." He was possibly not as felicitous in his definition as he was clear in his

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characterization. He has, indeed, been explaining from time to time since precisely what he did mean. For signs are not wanting that the people are content with the old Nationalism and have no mind to throw away that chart by which mainly they have steered in the past.

The student of Government knows that the aggression of the executive power, through its gradual aggrandizement, is the road by which mainly all republics come to their fall. The most serious peril to representative Government is the encroachment of its executive on the rights of its legislative branch, and such encroachment has usually to be regained by the red hand of Revolution. If, therefore, the people are wise they will insist that, whatever the exigency may appear to be, it shall be met in the orderly and legal way laid down by the Constitution itself. Any other way leads to revolution. Mr. Taft's best contribution to this country is his firm recognition of laws.

Should any grave situation really arise in which State powers are inadequate and national powers are without warrant, the means to meet it are laid down clearly in the Constitution. The people themselves, through their Representatives, are to declare whether such a case exists and how it shall be met—in the form of an amendment to the Constitution, deliberately and duly adopted, after full and free discussion.

In fine, one thing appears to be clear: that if the Democratic party is to secure the confidence of the people as the trustee of this Government, it can accomplish it in only one way: by standing forth as the champion of their rights to the limit of the Constitution and its due amendments—it cannot accomplish the object by mere excellence of organization, however necessary this may be; it must deserve their confidence—and this it can do only by espousing their cause. If it attempt to fling itself into the arms of a class, whether of capitalists or of laborists, it is lost. The party of the future is the party that shall stand for all the people and their rights under the law — for true Democracy and the Constitution.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

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WHAT DOES THE SECRETARY OF STATE MEAN?

BY FREDERICK McCORMICK.

A LITTLE less than a year ago a strong public defence of American ideals in diplomacy and American foreign policy was made both by the President and the Secretary of State of the United States.

The governments of six foremost nations of the world listened with more general concern to these expositions of American diplomacy, both of which were in part the outcome of world-wide criticism of the Washington Government, than did their immediate audiences. Those nations know that American foreign affairs are more important than Americans know them to be. But in addition they seek some clew to what American action must be when the nation itself recognizes that it has vital foreign affairs. "Impossible but unavoidable" as Americans have come to be to them diplomatically, they recognize in Americans as a nation an undisciplined, perhaps uncontrollable, force and intelligence awaking to the presence of a phenomenon.

At the close of a great decade that has seen the extension of American influence to all quarters, American affairs, affected by the tribes and peoples and consonant with the times, have made strides overnight. This expansion has been almost without a prophet, for Americans have not known that their interests could attain more than a given magnitude abroad because of certain great American reasons that assigned foreign affairs to Europe—foreign affairs, in the minds of Americans, being thought to endanger the welfare of the Republic. It was not apparent until recently that every people discharging its duty in the quarter where its first duty is owing, thereby inevitably comes to its duties abroad, that the two go together, that no country is so incompetent, corrupt and weak as that which has no foreign

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affairs, and, finally, that while the first responsibility is at home, no people can do its full duty to itself without doing its duty abroad.

So late as the time of Ambassador Porter's removal without warning from his post in France, some Senators said that America had no foreign affairs, and that diplomatic posts abroad were only social positions for rich and socially ambitious American families. That was at a time when American foreign interests had developed more rapidly than had the foreign interests of any nation or empire that ever existed, unless perhaps some empire like the Mongol. American principles that had become established in international law partook of the laws of the stable, enduring Republic based on the highest ideals in international dealing. The Monroe doctrine, for example, was and is a part of international law. It is law in half the globe. The " open door " is all but international in authority. If with such prestige America has the full character and capabilities as a world power that Americans believe her to possess, they hardly dare estimate their foreign interests and responsibilities, to say nothing of dangers.

It may be said that the relation between her great native affairs and foreign affairs for America is about equal, while, as a matter of fact, the nation has assumed a moral attitude in international relations which, if the Government has planned out its great foreign policy and is successful in living up to its creed, appears to involve responsibilities more onerous and weighty than the responsibilities of the most alliance-entangled European state it could possibly pity. This means that Americans are to pay for their principles or repudiate them.

In the light of these facts, coupled with the Government's anxiety about foreign affairs, Americans may ask what it means when the two highest members of their Government set out to explain its diplomacy.

The responsibility for these foreign affairs is popularly assigned to the Secretary of State. As the President's address referred to was a defence of the foreign policy of the Government as carried out by the Secretary of State and was a eulogy of the Secretary of State who himself reiterated the exposition of the Government's position in foreign affairs, the nation may ask with reference to such emphatic expositions, What does the Secretary of State mean?

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The importance of North, Central and South American affairs, which to the popular mind are embraced in the Monroe Doctrine, the first great law of American diplomacy, has increased. Just before the Senatorial opinions referred to were uttered the problem of the Monroe Doctrine had been augmented by the questions that are called into the diplomatic arena by such names as Porto Rico, Tutuila, Guam, the Philippines, the Isthmian Canal Zone, etc. But great as were the considerations of responsibility under those two simple words, "Monroe Doctrine," there had been then added to our diplomatic vehicle and to international law two other words of equal simplicity which obviously even then to any careful observer defined what might become as great a question for the country as the "Monroe Doctrine." "Americans are a commercial people." They make and sell. From the nature and instincts of Americans has sprung the expression "open door," two words in which is seen, positively or negatively, the whole character of America and Americans. In the "open door" and equal opportunity for all are woven the questions of the Far East and all other questions above mentioned as having been added to the Monroe Doctrine since 1898, besides yet other considerations. For example, this policy of equal opportunity of trade contestants abroad has at all times been exposed to the chance of being forced into the place of becoming America's greatest foreign question by some nearly unnoticeable passing event. It is not impossible, indeed, that such a thing as the building of half a dozen war-ships, to say nothing of the Isthmian Canal, could, in this present world of foreign affairs, raise the "open door" to be a greater question for America than it seems possible the "Monroe Doctrine" could ever become, and then it would be a great active issue and an even more insistent public responsibility. Intrinsically and potentially, it is the greater question and issue.

Out of the tangled mass of foreign problems of the future which Americans must solve will stand some great principle. No one can doubt that it must be the "open door" which is already a part of that expansion and development of America which cannot be kept down and that expansion of China which is absolutely necessary.

It is, however, not essential to advance so far at one leap. No one can doubt the great and increasing importance of

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America's national welfare abroad and its relation to her security and prosperity at home. John Hay, Elihu Root and Philander Chase Knox have all defined the "spirit and purpose" of American diplomacy, explained its principles and their origin in the traditions of the nation, and laid its great importance upon the conscience of the people in a timely and solemn way. Each explanation was called for by occasion and each occasion called for the attention of the nation. Each called louder than before. On May 2d, the date of the President's address delivered in behalf of the Government's foreign policy and the Secretary of State, and on June 15th when Mr. Knox reiterated the President's exposition of American diplomacy, the nation had a greater call to hearken to the Secretary of State on account of the nation's increased responsibilities abroad than ever before in the history of its foreign affairs. A nation cannot ignore external affairs. If it has no great foreign affairs it will not only lack greatness, but it will also be incapable in some of the essentials of nationality. Moreover, America without great foreign affairs cannot remain in the forefront of nations. It is not probable that if the country is to continue great and prosperous a time will ever come again when it can overlook or forget the question, What does the Secretary of State mean?

It follows, therefore, that diplomacy is a term which must become an American household possession. If for no other reason than that the ways of diplomacy are strange to the spirit of the people of the United States they have an immeasurable meaning to them. It is the beginning of the foreign era for the nation wherein the importance of official words and the value of knowing what they mean become the business of every American.

In whatever garment official utterances on foreign questions may in future come, they must necessarily be substantially concerned with America's great responsibilities in her foreign rôle outside those late boundaries within which no force could confine her. And it is essential that such utterances are understood in the country at large. The nation henceforward must know what the Secretary of State means.

America has joined Britain and Germany in leading world affairs. It can be readily shown that the American State Department is not doing its work with a capacity com-

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mensurate with that task. Its fundamental infirmities in connection with the American system would preclude such adequacy. But its infirmities and errors do not prevent the nation from actually taking its place with the foremost diplomatic nations. It rather shows the necessity of progress in the country at large to force the Government into greater efficiency and to call upon the public to note its own responsibilities. For itself, the public is obliged to possess a considerable independent knowledge of its own on foreign affairs.

As the Government has emphasized the present by its exposition of American diplomacy and its foreign-affairs policy—a confession of the urgency and importance of those affairs—what, then, in effect, does the Government mean? The striking fact in Washington regarding foreign affairs is that the Secretary of State's Department has been forced into reorganization in order to care for increased work. Where one "department" existed before there are now at least five. In Washington, America has branched out to take care of that great foreign policy which places her on a diplomatic par with the nations at the top. What has brought this about?

The questions of the Far East necessitated the reorganization of all America's foreign affairs and of the State Department. Those questions created the "open-door" policy. The American question in China and Japan compelled the reform of the whole American consular service and later forced reorganization of the American diplomatic service. It caused the organization of the battleship fleet and its voyage around the world, and it is the impetus of the expansion of the navy. It has brought Far-Eastern finance to New York and Washington, it has taken American securities to Europe, and it has made the development of China and the Far East a part of America's own political and industrial expansion. It will be seen at once that with America's traditions on the subject of foreign affairs nothing could have produced this miracle except a great force capable of stirring the Government and nation from the bottom. Historically, the diplomatic activity of the United States is concerned with questions of the Americas. The rise of the Pacific is new. Toward Europe America has had that negative law of no alliances, in her own hemisphere no extension of European power. But this policy left out

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one-half of the world and its highway by which the whole world could get access to her. America was bound in time to meet the world upon the Pacific and she has met it. All the outside world can get at America through East Asia and all the world is there now.

Although in defence of American foreign politics the addresses of May and June reviewed relations with Britain, for example, back to 1794, and sketched our relations with all Europe and South America, yet one-third of the addresses on direct foreign questions refer to the Far East, with which we have had treaty relations little more than sixty years. These addresses bristle with America's Eastern diplomatic history, the "open door" and "equal opportunity," neutralization of territory in time of war and of property in other times, freedom of China and neighboring lands from political restraint, mediation in times of injustice and oppression, benevolence, aid in reform, peace, and so forth. First and last is the Government's official struggle to bring peace into the world. The word "peace" has become so insistent in this connection that it has even a sinister meaning. It is a word with a sermon in it and should command public attention on account of the relatively superior effort which America makes in an official direction for the attainment of that ideal. Is it because, pending discussion, America's war needs are so serious that she needs a guarantee of peace and her officials and leaders think the Government incapable of preparing for, or meeting, war on a scale adequate with the nation's possible needs?

The vitality of the Far-Eastern question lies in the fact that America has found her active and future great policy there. Its lines are formed and its grip is upon America's national life. Not only the diplomatic silence of the Secretary of State, but his spoken words say in substance that the questions of the Pacific have formed this final policy. America has met the world on the Pacific and is surrounded by political obligations and responsibilities in just the way that European states are surrounded. What the Secretary of State means is that the era of pious isolation for America is ended finally. She must live in the open, contending on diplomatic lines with the nations in the knottiest problems with which human government is afflicted, sometimes perhaps fighting it out on even meaner lines than appear to exist between those European states she lately sympathized

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with and yet pitied. What the Secretary of State means is that the time has passed which could ever again justify the people of the nation, or any considerable portion of them, in " going up into the air " after the manner of their aboriginal predecessors, the Indians, when confronted as they have been several times, notably with social questions with Japan on the Pacific coast. It means that the nation should be initiated in foreign affairs so that the responsibilities of any situation may be met by the united nation with coolness. The nation has seen the renaissance of the navy to support American ideas. America has several times challenged Europe and Asia in the Far East. John Hay bound the Far East to the dominion of the State Department. Under the name of Philander Chase Knox, America is established in the midst of China and Far-Eastern affairs. The President has pronounced Peking to be the most important post in America's foreign service. In effect, all explanations of American diplomacy now and for perhaps a quarter of a century to come must be on behalf of the Far East. It is to this point that the constant attention of the great Powers is directed. America's position, exploits and intentions in that quarter possess a vital interest for them and their attention cannot be removed from the spectacle in the Pacific. But more important than their convictions, America herself will never again be allowed to neglect the Far East for an hour, because in that arena America must contend for the greatest principles of international relations yet championed by her.

FREDERICK MCCORMICK.

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THE POETRY OF LINCOLN

BY JAMES RAYMOND PERRY

THE title first selected for this article was "The Poems of Lincoln," but the title adopted is a little broader in meaning and more exactly descriptive of what the writer wishes to present. Perhaps a still more discriminatingly considered title would be, "The Poetic Quality of Lincoln's Addresses," for reference is not here made to such efforts in verse as his early lines treating of Adam and Eve, trivial in their nature; nor even of verses written in more serious mood, such as those prompted by the loss of reason of a youthful comrade or those called forth by revisiting in manhood the scenes of his childhood home. These earlier efforts are frankly rhymed and intentionally metrical, however far short they may fall of being truly poetical; whereas many of the later addresses—wholly unrhymed, of course, and not intentionally metrical — seem surcharged with poetry.

"Not intentionally metrical." Presumably in his prose addresses Lincoln did not consciously cast any part of them into metrical form, yet ever and again in the addresses the careful observer will discover whole lines, perhaps a succession of lines, in the iambic pentameter form—like the blank verse of Shakespeare and Milton. Take, for example, these lines from the Gettysburg Address:

> "That from these honored dead we take increased
> Devotion to that cause for which they gave
> The last full measure of devotion; that . . ."

Here are three complete lines as flawless as if consciously and intentionally cast into the iambic pentameter form. Single lines are frequent, as witness these from his last public address:

> "Must those whose harder part give us the cause . . ."

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And:

"Was not in reach to take an active part."

Or this from the First Inaugural Address:

"Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight . . ."

And this:

"We are not enemies, but friends. We must . . ."

Instances like these could be multiplied, no doubt; and their recurrence ever and again contributes unquestionably to the poetic quality so noticeable in the prose addresses. When the words are not cast into the pentameter form they often fall into other metrical divisions, as for example:

"But in a larger sense
We cannot dedicate,
We cannot consecrate,
We cannot hallow this ground."

"The world will little note
Nor long remember what
We say here."

"That from these honored dead."

"Shall not have died in vain."

When he wrote the Gettysburg Address, Lincoln was plainly in a highly exalted and poetical mood, for the language used clearly reflects inspiration and exaltation. Frequent as are the metrical forms in his prose and highly contributory as they are in giving to it a poetical quality, they nevertheless do not contribute its whole, nor, perhaps, even its chief poetical charm. That charm, of course, lies in the deep poetical feeling back of both form and words, the result of which is a poetical quality in his expression even when that expression shapes itself into unmetrical prose. Because of this poetical feeling in his prose long sections of some of his addresses may be read as poems.

Mr. R. W. Gilder, in his masterly "Lincoln the Leader," speaking of Lincoln's literary style, says:

"But Lincoln's style might have had all these qualities and yet not have carried as it did. Beyond these traits comes the miracle—the cadence of his prose and its traits of pathos and of imagination. Lincoln's prose, at its height and when his spirit was stirred by aspiration and resolve, affects the soul like noble music. Indeed, there may be found in all his great utterances a strain which is like the leading motive—the *Leit-motif*—in musical drama; a strain of mingled pathos, heroism and resolution. That is the strain in the two inaugurals, in the 'Gettysburg Address,' and in his

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letter of consolation to a bereaved mother, which moves the hearts of generation after generation."

Portions of Lincoln's utterances are here lined off as if they were, indeed, blank verse. Casting them into such lines does not, of course, make them actually more poetical, but it does call attention more forcibly to the fact that they *are* poetical—in form as well as quality. The unmetrical prose is still there, to be sure; but even so, that musical cadence mentioned by Mr. Gilder is seldom absent.

In the subjoined examples it is not claimed that the division into verse lines is the best possible division they are capable of; a more practised eye might rearrange the lines so that the poetical form would be heightened.

THE FAREWELL ADDRESS AT SPRINGFIELD

"My Friends: No one not in my situation
Can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting.
To this place, and the kindness of these people,
I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century,
And have passed from a young to an old man.
Here my children have been born,
And one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when
Or whether ever I may return, with a task before me
Greater than that which rested upon Washington.
Without the assistance of that Divine Being
Who ever attended him I cannot succeed.
With that assistance I cannot fail.
Trusting Him, who can go with me
And remain with you, and be everywhere for good,
Let us confidently hope that all will yet be well.
To His care commending you, as I hope
In your prayers you will commend me,
I bid you an affectionate farewell."

The richly poetical quality of the foregoing lines must be apparent to every one.

In the next example, though the occasion itself might seem equally inspiring, if the mood seems less exalted, the diction less noble and the poetic quality less rich, it should be remembered that Lincoln said it was an unprepared speech, as he had not expected to be called on to say a word.

ADDRESS IN INDEPENDENCE HALL

"I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself
Standing in this place, where were collected together
The wisdom, the patriotism, the devotion to principle,
From which sprang the institutions under which we live. . . .

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"I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring
From the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence.
I have often pondered over the dangers which
Were incurred by the men who assembled here
And framed and adopted that Declaration.
I have pondered over the toils that were endured
By the officers and soldiers of the army
Who achieved that independence. I have often
Inquired of myself what great principle or idea
It was that kept this Confederacy so long together.
It was not the mere matter of separation
Of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment
In the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty
Not alone to the people of this country,
But hope to all the world, for all future time.
It was that which gave promise that in due time
The weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men,
And that all should have an equal chance.
This is the sentiment embodied in
The Declaration of Independence.
Now, my friends,
Can this country be saved on that basis?
If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest
Men in the world if I can help to save it.
If it cannot be saved upon that principle
It will be truly awful. But if this country
Cannot be saved without giving up that principle,
I was about to say I would rather be
Assassinated on this spot than surrender it."

The poetic quality exists to a marked degree in the first inaugural and attains to a very high flight in the concluding lines of that address. Those lines impress one in much the same way and to quite the same degree as do some of the nobler passages from Shakespeare.

FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

"I take the official oath to-day with no mental reservation,
And with no purpose to construe the Constitution
Or laws by any hypercritical rules.
And while I do not choose now to specify
Particular acts of Congress as proper to be enforced,
I do suggest that it will be much safer for all,
Both in official and private stations, to conform to
And abide by all those acts which stand unrepealed,
Than to violate any of them, trusting to find
Impunity in having them held to be unconstitutional. . . .

"I hold that, in contemplation of universal law
And the Constitution, the Union of these States
Is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied,

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If not expressed, in the fundamental law
Of all national governments. It is safe
To assert that no government proper ever had
A provision in its organic law for its own
Termination. Continue to execute all
The express provisions of our National Constitution,
And the Union will endure forever—
It being impossible to destroy it except
By some act not provided for in the instrument itself. . . .

"Physically speaking, we cannot separate.
We cannot remove our respective sections from
Each other, nor build an impassable wall
Between them. A husband and wife may be divorced,
And go out of the presence and beyond the reach
Of each other; but the different parts
Of our country cannot do this.
They cannot but remain face to face,
And intercourse, either amicable or hostile,
Must continue between them. Is it possible, then,
To make that intercourse more advantageous
Or more satisfactory after separation than before?
Can aliens make treaties easier than friends
Can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced
Between aliens than laws can among friends?
Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight
Always; and when after much loss on both sides,
And no gain on either, you cease fighting,
The identical old questions as to terms
Of intercourse are again upon you. . . .

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen,
And not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war.
The government will not assail you. You can have
No conflict without being yourself the aggressors.
You have no oath registered in heaven
To destroy the government, while I shall have
The most solemn one to 'preserve, protect
And defend it.'
I am loath to close.
We are not enemies, but friends.
We must not be enemies. Though passion
May have strained, it must not break
Our bonds of affection. The mystic chords
Of memory, stretching from every battle-field
And patriot grave to every living heart
And hearthstone all over this broad land,
Will yet swell the chorus of the Union
When again touched, as surely they will be,
By the better angels of our nature."

After reading the passage just quoted, can any one doubt

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that Abraham Lincoln, in addition to all his other greatness of heart and soul and mind, was also one of the world's great poets? That noble utterance on the field of Gettysburg—what is it but a great poem? It is here given in its entirety:

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

"Fourscore and seven years ago
Our fathers brought forth upon this continent
A new nation conceived in liberty,
And dedicated to the proposition
That all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war,
Testing whether that nation, or any nation
So conceived and so dedicated
Can long endure. We are met
On a great battle-field of that war.
We have come to dedicate a portion of
That field as a final resting-place
For those who here gave their lives
That that nation might live.
It is altogether fitting and proper
That we should do this.
But in a larger sense
We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate,
We cannot hallow this ground. The brave men,
Living and dead, who struggled here,
Have consecrated it far above our power
To add or detract. The world will little note
Nor long remember what we say here,
But it can never forget what they did here.
It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here
To the unfinished work which they who fought here
Have thus far so nobly advanced.
It is rather for us to be here dedicated
To the great task remaining before us;
That from these honored dead we take
Increased devotion to that cause for which
They gave the last full measure of devotion;
That we here highly resolve that these dead
Shall not have died in vain, that this nation,
Under God, shall have a new birth of freedom;
And that government of the people,
By the people, and for the people,
Shall not perish from the earth."

Noble words, most nobly uttered and sure to live, in spite of that "nor long remember," as long as the battle of Gettysburg itself remains in the memories of men!

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Again he sings of freedom and equality of men in an address to the soldiers:

FROM AN ADDRESS TO THE 166TH OHIO REGIMENT

"It is not merely for to-day, but for all time to come,
That we should perpetuate for our children's children
That great and free government which we have enjoyed
All our lives. I beg you to remember this,
Not merely for my sake, but for yours.
I happen, temporarily, to occupy this White House.
I am a living witness that any one of your children
May look to come here as my father's child has.
It is in order that each one of you may have,
Through this free government which we have enjoyed,
An open field and a fair chance for your industry,
Enterprise and intelligence; that you may all have
Equal privileges in the race of life,
With all its desirable human aspirations.
It is for this the struggle should be maintained,
That we may not lose our birthright—
Not only for one, but for two or three years.
The nation is worth fighting for
To secure such an inestimable jewel."

Whenever Lincoln was deeply moved his thoughts seem to have shaped themselves naturally into poetry—the deeper his emotions, the more poetical their expression. Witness the following:

LETTER TO MRS. BIXLEY

"DEAR MADAM:
I have been shown in the files of the War Department
A statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts
That you are the mother of five sons
Who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel
How weak and fruitless must be any words of mine
Which should attempt to beguile you from the grief
Of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain
From tendering to you the consolation that may be found
In the thanks of the Republic they died to save.
I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage
The anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only
The cherished memory of the loved and lost,
And the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid
So costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

If anything, short of Divine Power itself, could assuage the anguish and give consolation to this almost unbelievably stricken mother, it should be found in words like those from a source like that.

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The two following excerpts from the Second Inaugural Address seem to be further perfect illustrations of Lincoln's rare poetical quality:

EXTRACT FROM THE SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

"On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago,
All thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war.
All dreaded it,—all sought to avert it.
While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place,
Devoted altogether to saving the Union without war,
Insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war,—
Seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects,
By negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them
Would make war rather than let the nation survive,
And the other would accept war rather than let it perish.
And the war came."

CONCLUSION OF THE SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

"With malice toward none;
With charity for all;
With firmness in the right,
As God gives us to see the right,—
Let us strive on to finish the work we are in:
To bind up the nation's wounds;
To care for him who shall have borne the battle,
And for his widow and his orphan;
To do all which may achieve
And cherish a just and lasting peace
Among ourselves, and with all nations."

JAMES RAYMOND PERRY.

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THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI, BY WILLIAM F. MONYPENNY

BY PRICE COLLIER

To those who have known something of England during the last thirty years, the rise and success of Benjamin Disraeli are at first puzzling. The opinions that have been formed and that are still generally held not only in America, but in Europe and the East, in regard to British standards for political and social life, and which I may say are true up to a certain point, would lead one to believe that such a person as young Benjamin Disraeli had as little chance of arriving at social and political prominence, let alone predominance, as any character that the most perverse imagination can picture.

In a country where even to-day nearly one in every six members of the present Parliament is an old Etonian, not to mention the representatives of the other great Public Schools, Disraeli was not educated at a Public School. He did not go to a university. He was not the son of a great landholder, nor related by ties of blood or interest to the few who controlled in his day the British political machinery. He was not only not interested in sport of any kind, but he did not pretend to be. He was not a rich man. On the contrary, at the age of twenty-one he had already so embarrassed himself by speculation on the Stock Exchange that it was thirty years, and after he had been the leader of the House of Commons and Chancellor of the Exchequer, before he had liquidated these debts. He was born in a time when a man must subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles and own land in order to be even eligible to membership in the British Parliament, and he was born a Jew, and had only cleared himself from debt at the age of fifty-five.

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Can a perverse and powerful imagination do worse than this? A Jew, a fop, a novelist, a youth of sometimes headless wit and of boundless vanity, who walked Regent Street "in blue surtout, a pair of military light-blue trousers, black stockings with red stripes and shoes," and during his stay in Malta "paid a round of visits in his majo jacket, white trousers and a sash of all the colors in the rainbow," who appeared at evening parties, his hair in ringlets and rings worn over his gloves, and on occasion spouted his own poetry, a youth, and in England, who had never kicked a ball, wielded a cricket-bat, shot a bird or chased a fox—surely here are all the qualifications, combined in one person, for the ridicule and the detestation of the English. Those who know England only casually might adopt the phraseology of doubt or depreciation, so common in that country, and say that such a young man "hadn't a hundred to one chance" of getting anywhere, least of all as far as No. 10 Downing Street.

Nevertheless, there was no more romantic figure in England's political gallery during the last century than Benjamin Disraeli. I believe I am right in saying that his executors turned to Lord Rosebery to undertake the task of writing this biography; and without the least desire to dilute my admiration for the sterling work of Mr. Monypenny in this first volume of the Life, one cannot forbear at least a sigh of regret that the most brilliant Englishman of to-day could not have been induced to put his knowledge of political affairs, his unrivalled social experience and his finished craftsmanship as a writer at their service. The mere coupling of the names of Disraeli and Rosebery, the one as the biographer of the other, excites one's political, historical and literary interest as no other pairing of names in our Anglo-Saxon world can do. The man born and bred to distinction, and who, despite that handicap, has distinguished himself in a greater variety of ways than any other Englishman of his time, and who still wields an influence in Great Britain's affairs, of which, alas! he takes too little advantage, would have painted for us the picture of an Oriental, a Jew, a meteor, who with none of his own advantages dug, swept and finally carpeted with red a path to the highest office Great Britain has to give. No one can blame us for regretting that such an artist did not paint such a man.

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Those of us who know Mr. Monypenny and his career are neither surprised nor disappointed on reading this volume. Those whose recognition is worth while consider Mr. Monypenny to be one of the ablest commentators upon British public affairs, and not only that, but one whose ability is seasoned with a conscientiousness and courage that have been severely tested and stood the test admirably. No one can read this volume without at once coming upon the difficulties and the successes of the author. The restraint, the masterly marshalling of the material, the forbearance when ridicule or wit or a show of superiority or even patronage must have been tempting; and withal a fearless criticism when criticism is necessary for analysis and to point the way; a well-controlled and successful effort to let Disraeli paint his own picture and tell his own story with such corrections only as are necessary to make the picture and the story true, these are some of Mr. Monypenny's successes. That the difficulties have been great, no one need doubt who knows that the material for this biography was enormous and that this first volume is only the beginning after seven years of laborious sifting and choosing.

The remark is attributed to a certain American public man that a surplus is easier to deal with than a deficit. Mr. Monypenny would disagree entirely with this dictum. The mass of material, letters, notes, public and private papers from which he had to choose, and having chosen, to which he had to give their proper prominence and a regular progress, must have made him conclude that a surplus is of all things the most difficult to deal with. When a man of profound convictions and a vivid imagination trained to the study and discussion of public affairs undertakes to write the life of a man like Disraeli, one hopes that he will not smear his whole palette with certain pigments of his own, but rather paint with the colors left him by his subject. One hopes this because it is the difficult thing to do. It is fine art when a man without loss of independence, without giving up his own standpoints or methods, with his own brush and palette can load it with another's colors and paint "Disraeli by himself," for example.

It is true we have before us only one volume, and that dealing with Disraeli only up to the age of thirty-three; but thus far the author has dealt with this brilliant youth with admirable candor and fairness.

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It has always seemed to me that the first thing and the most useful thing to be remembered in estimating and explaining Disraeli is, that he was a Jew and that the Jews are Orientals and the only Orientals who have made a permanent place for themselves in the European world. The great bulk of the Oriental world looks upon us as very inferior, intellectually, to themselves. This is not prejudice or dislike of us as a superior power; it is just as much and as serenely their attitude of mind as it is ours towards the negro.

It is a common belief in America that the rest of the world admires us, is astonished at us, envies us and would like to be as we are. I can assure the readers of this paper, and with the same confidence with which I should write of the law of gravitation, that a round thousand millions of people living to the east of the Suez Canal look upon us, if they have happened to hear of us at all, our accomplishments, our ideals, our religion, our manners, and what we dub roughly as our progress, with a feeling more nearly akin to contempt than to admiration.

Disraeli writes of his own ancestry:

> "My grandfather, who became an English denizen in 1748, was an Italian descendant of one of those Hebrew families whom the Inquisition forced to emigrate from the Spanish Peninsula at the end of the fifteenth century and who found a refuge in the more tolerant territories of the Venetian Republic. They assumed the name of Disraeli, a name never borne before or since by any other family in order that their race might be forever recognized."

Disraeli's father, though he ceased to be a Jew, never became a Christian, though he was persuaded to have his children baptized and Benjamin was received into the Church in 1817. At about this time he was put to school with a Rev. Eli Cogan, a Unitarian Minister. It seems that the boys at this school, who were members of the Church of England, had to walk some distance to church on Sunday, and consequently arrived late for the Sunday dinner, which was generally half over. It is said that Disraeli suggested to his Anglican schoolfellows that it might be well if they all became Unitarians for the term of their life at school and thus avoid this gastronomic handicap.

At the age of seventeen, instead of Oxford as his father wished, he was articled to a well-known firm of solicitors, and for two years or more he worked there, spending

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his evenings in multifarious reading. His father, Isaac D'Israeli, the author of "The Curiosities of Literature" and the possessor of an extensive library, a recluse and author himself, showed him the way. At twenty he and his father went to the Continent for a six weeks' tour, and we then begin to read letters from him to his family which are not only precocious in their style and confidence, but in their interests. He writes from Aix:

"The first painters depicted the Saviour with the common national countenance always undignified and sometimes vulgar. The great masters, aware of the impropriety, were not bold enough to alter what they attempted to improve, and in their attenuated and uninteresting figures they have only spiritualized a sad humanity."

This from a youth of nineteen! Then another letter, and I quote the words as showing what a startling change takes place in what may be called the good manners of speech from one generation to another, he writes: "I hope to God my mother is better." On his return from the Continent and within two years he had amassed what were for him considerable debts through speculation; he had persuaded Murray the publisher to launch a daily newspaper which proved a costly failure; acted as ambassador to the great Sir Walter and to his son-in-law, Lockhart, who was wanted to edit the same; and in 1826 published his first novel anonymously, "Vivian Grey." This novel was puffed into popularity by its adroit and somewhat unscrupulous publisher, with hints that its author was a person of distinction and that it was in reality a novel *à clef*. When it was discovered that the author was the unheard-of Benjamin Disraeli, he was showered with the abuse and ridicule which were rightly the deserts of his publisher.

In the summer of 1826 he accompanied friends on a journey to Italy, and returned to spend a year in the country at his father's house at Bredenham in Buckinghamshire. Here he wrote "The Young Duke," was paid in advance for it, and thus in funds started for the East in May, 1830. He travelled in Spain, Greece, Turkey and Egypt and returned to England in October, 1831, with two more novels, "Contarini Fleming" and "Alroy" on the road to completion.

Bulwer was then at the height of his fame, and he gave Disraeli an introduction to the great world of London, which launched him upon his social and political career. He may

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be said to have begun the latter with a pamphlet entitled "England and France: or a Cure for the Ministerial Gallomania." It appeared anonymously, was honored with a leader in "The Times" and was a severe attack upon Palmerston's foreign policy. In 1832 he made a definite plunge and stood for Parliament at Wycombe, and he describes his political leanings: "I start on the high radical interest." Disraeli was not returned at this time, nor was he returned to Parliament until he had stood unsuccessfully several times, and had become both in the social world of London and among the politicians a man whose name at least was everywhere known. At last, in 1837, at the age of thirty-three, he won a seat.

This first volume of the Life ends with his election to Parliament.

At the beginning of this article I have said that Disraeli seemed to combine all the qualifications for permanent unpopularity in England, but there is a quality in the English, common to the East End and to the West End, notable in the women even as well as in the men of whatever class: they like a fighter, they like persistence and they worship power. "Dizzy," as he came to be called and as he now began to sign himself to his familiars, the fop, the novel-writer, the frequenter of fashionable drawing-rooms, who stood up gamely to the shouts of "Old Clothes!" and "Shylock!" at his political meetings, who was trounced by O'Connell thus:

> "He has just the qualities of the impenitent thief on the Cross, and I verily believe, if Mr. Disraeli's family herald were to be examined and his genealogy traced, the same personage would be discovered to be the heir at law of the exalted individual to whom I allude";

and who replied by a challenge to a duel, and when that was declined wrote a letter of abuse as caustic as O'Connell's own; who was an indefatigable worker and as proud, as bold, as confident, as sure of himself as though born to power; who was not of that large contingent who must themselves define the word "gentleman" in order to be included in the definition; who, as all the giants among men have always done, assumed his authority, but did not assert it, this man took the fancy of the English and finally captured their confidence. You may have everything against you in England except ability, pluck and power of work. Without these there is no chance, but with these you

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may hang every handicap in Christendom or Heathendom on a man and he may still succeed. This man who said: "Never explain; explanation is a dreary thing"; and, "Most of my calamities never happened"; who never doubted his own power and who let the world jeer and sneer and howl around him, amused by the pharisees, the parasites, the provincials and the acidulous vestals who betrayed their envy by their malice and comforted their hypocrisy by criticism of the courage they themselves lacked, this man prevailed finally, as such men always do; and, be it said, he brought to English political life a power of vision, a superb disdain of parochial, political or social machinery, a passion for imperial domination and an Eastern patience which were all his own, and his own because he was a Jew and an Oriental.

As his biographer writes:

"So that if we had to select any single quality as the key-note to his character the choice might best fall on patience—patience and that unbroken continuity of mind and purpose and endeavor which patience renders possible."

It was reserved for this youth, so proud of his alien ancestry, so early a traveller in the East and in many habits of mind and manner an Oriental himself, to gain control of the Suez Canal for England and to crown England's Queen Empress of India. Other qualities, such as his aloofness from the petty tyrannies of a parochial social life, and his disdain of the humbug of politics, and of the social pretensions of those whom he considered racially raw and rough, were as Oriental as his patience. What every man sees on a colossal scale as a visitor in the East—the untiring patience; the mental aloofness and dreaminess; the carelessness of and indifference to the thousand and one petty tyrannies of life to which the West pays great heed; the acquiescence in disappointment and even in disaster as being matters of fate, a blast to which one must bow and bend, but not break; the love of splendor and of color whether in life or in letters; the preference for smooth and facile rather than for forceful methods—one may see also in the life of Disraeli.

America is the home of many members of Disraeli's race, and they are not likely to miss this opportunity to study the career of the man who won his way to the highest place in the Anglo-Saxon world of his day. They are to be congratulated, too, as we all are, that this story is being told

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seriously, discreetly and courageously by its author. The life of the man himself is rather dazzling, and perhaps it is as well that his biographer errs, if it be an error, on the side of restraint and sobriety, though even in this first volume one regrets sometimes that this then fantastic creature, the friend of D'Orsay and Lady Blessington and other social and political notables of his time, is not given a more brilliant setting.

In reading over this brief appreciation, I find myself in much the same attitude as is Mr. Monypenny towards his readers. This is only the first volume. There is an aroma of good things, exciting things, to come. One is settled in his seat and the first act leaves us keen and eager for more, but the curtain is down and we must wait. This abruptness gives one a sense of disappointment, but, if I am not mistaken, this volume is fair promise that the disappointment will be dispelled and that the waiting will be rewarded in the volumes to come.

PRICE COLLIER.

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THE ECONOMIC INTERPRETATION OF LITERARY HISTORY*

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

It is now ten years since Professor Seligman published his acute and brilliant essay setting forth exactly what the economic interpretation of history really is. He made it plain that "the chief considerations in human progress are the social considerations" and that "the most important factor in social change is the economic factor." There are other considerations, of course; and there is no warrant for the attempt to explain all history in economic terms alone.

"The rise, the progress and the decay of nations have been largely due to changes in the economic relations, internal and external, of the social groups, even though the facility with which mankind has availed itself of this economic environment has been the product of intellectual and moral forces. . . . So long as the body is not held everywhere in complete subjection to the soul, so long as the struggle for wealth does not everywhere give way to the struggle for virtue, the social structure and the fundamental relations between social classes will be largely shaped by these overmastering influences, which, whether we approve or deplore them, still form so great a part of the content of life."

Underlying many, if not supporting most of the significant events in human history we can find, if we seek it diligently, an economic explanation, even though other explanations may be more apparent at first sight. A majority of the mighty movements of mankind and of the salient struggles of the race, the stalwart efforts for freedom and for expansion, including not a few of those which may seem to be purely political, or intellectual, or even religious, have also an economic basis; they are to be explained as due in part at least to the eternal desire of every human being to better himself, to heap up worldly goods, to keep a roof over his head and to secure himself against hunger. Attention has been called to the economic factors

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which helped to bring about the American Revolution and the Civil War, as well as the French Revolution and the Boer War, and which can be traced also in the Spanish Inquisition, in the Crusades, and even in the expansion of Christianity. One devoted student of Homer has dwelt on the advantages possessed by Mycenæ and Troy as trading sites; and he has ventured to suggest an economic explanation for the Greek expedition against Priam's capital. Perhaps the siege of Troy must be ascribed to the unwillingness of the seafaring merchants of Achaia to pay exorbitant tolls to the holders of the fastness which commanded the most convenient route for commerce.

Professor Seligman is clear in his warning that we must not put too heavy a burden on the theory he has expounded so skilfully and so candidly. The economic interpretation of history, correctly understood, does not claim that every phenomenon of human life in general or of social life in particular is to be explained on economic grounds. "Few writers would trace the different manifestations of language, or even of art, primarily to economic conditions." And yet there can be no rich and ample development of any art unless the economic conditions are favorable. These conditions may not be the direct cause of this development, but if they do not exist it cannot take place. A distinguished British art critic has asserted that the luxuriance of Tudor architecture is due directly to the introduction of root crops into England. That is to say, the turnip enabled the sheep-farmers to carry their cattle through the winter; and as the climate of the British Isles favors sheep-raising, the creation of a winter food-supply immediately made possible the expansion of the wool trade, whereby large fortunes were soon accumulated, the surplus being expended promptly in stately and sumptuous residences for the men thus enriched.

In political science the search for the fundamental economic causes of important events has resulted in an enlargement and a reinvigoration of historic study; and there is cause for surprise that a method so fertile has not been more frequently applied to history of the several arts, and more especially to that of the art of letters. Perhaps one reason for the general neglect to utilize a suggestive method is to be found in the fact that the theory of the domination of every epoch by its great men, as set forth strenuously

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by Carlyle in his "Heroes and Hero Worship" and now thoroughly discredited by modern historical science, has still an undeniable validity in the several arts. It may be that the American Revolution would have run its course successfully even if Washington had never been born, and that the Civil War would have ended as it did even if Lincoln had died at its beginning; but English literature would be very different if there had been no Shakespeare and French literature would be very different if there had been no Molière. History may be able to get along without its great men, but literature lives by its masters alone. It is only what they are. These mighty figures are so salient and so significant, they dwarf the lesser writers so overwhelmingly, that most histories of literature are content to be a bede roll of great authors.

This is unfortunate, since it gives us a deficient conception of literary development. The history of any literature ought to be something more than a chronological collection of biographical criticisms of its authors, major and minor, with only casual consideration of the movements of this literature as a whole. No one has yet written an entirely satisfactory history of English literature, showing its successive stages and the series of influences which determined its growth. With all its defects, Taine's stimulating book comes nearest to attaining this ideal,—although we shall probably find it more completely realized in M. Jusserand's monumental work when that is at last achieved. Indeed, we have no handbook of English literature worthy of comparison with M. Lanson's school text-book of French literature in which the biographies of authors are relegated to footnotes, leaving the text free for fuller treatment of the literature of France as it unrolls itself through the ages.

The concentration of the historians of literature upon biography, pure and simple, has led them to neglect the economic interpretation and to give only inadequate consideration to the legal and political interpretation. Indeed, these three aspects are closely related; and all three of them demand a more searching investigation than they have yet received. No historian of English literature has brought out the intimate connection which may exist between public life and authorship, as Gaston Boissier set it forth in his illuminating studies of the Latin men of letters in the early days of the Roman Empire. Of course every chron-

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icler of English literature has been forced to record the result of the closing of the London theatres by the Puritans, just as every chronicler of French literature has had to note the injurious restraint caused by the selfish autocracy of Louis XIV and of Napoleon. But there are a host of less obvious influences exerted from time to time in one literature or another by the political situation, by the inadequacy of the legal protection afforded to literary property, and by the economic conditions of the period which have not been adequately analyzed by any historian of any modern literature.

Perhaps there may be profit in pointing out a few of the obscurities which might be cleared up by scholars who shall investigate these cognate influences upon literary expansion. For example, it would be instructive if some one should consider carefully to what extent the comparative literary sterility of these United States in the middle years of the nineteenth century, when we were abounding in energy, was due to the absence of an international copyright law whereby our native writers were exposed to an unfair competition with the venders of stolen goods. It would be useful also if some competent authority attempted to gauge the effect of a similar legal deficiency on the English drama of the same period, and to indicate how much of the sudden expansion of the novel in Great Britain must be ascribed to the fact that it did not pay to write original plays in English because the theatrical managers could take French plays for nothing. And we should like to know how much of the abundant productivity of the French drama was due to the secure position of the Society of Dramatic Authors, a trade-union organized by Beaumarchais and reorganized by Scribe early in the nineteenth century, whereby it was made more profitable for a man of letters in France to compose plays than to compose novels. There would be benefit also in an inquiry into the question whether the high literary quality of the French drama of this epoch, far higher than that of the drama in any other language, was the indirect result of the support of the *Théâtre Français* by the Government as a national museum for dramatic masterpieces.

To quote from Professor Seligman's monograph once more:

"The existence of man depends upon his ability to sustain himself; the

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economic life is, therefore, the fundamental condition of all life. To economic causes, therefore, must be traced in last instance those transformations in the structure of society which themselves condition the relations of social classes and the manifestations of social life."

Just as armies are said to advance on their bellies, since they can never get too far ahead of the supply-train, so the arts can flourish only as the means of the people may permit. Feuerbach's famous phrase, "Man is what he eats," does not cover the whole truth about life, yet an artist cannot create beauty unless he eats. Food is a condition precedent to literature. A starving man is not likely to set himself down to compose an epic; and a bard is better fitted to chant the high deeds of heroes after the descendants of these worthies have given him bed and board. The literary laborer is worthy of his hire, and without a living wage he cannot ply his trade. In the past he has needed a patron or a pension, and in the present he needs popularity or private means. Martial once wrote out a recipe for making great poets: "Pay them well; where there is a Mæcenas there will be a Horace and a Vergil also." And Napoleon voiced an opinion not dissimilar in a letter, written from Berlin in 1806, in which he protested against the poverty of the lyrics sung at the *Opéra* in honor of his victories: "Complaints are made that we have no literature; this is the fault of the Minister of the Interior."

There are four motives which may inspire an author to do his best,—the desire to accomplish an immediate purpose, the impulse for self-expression, the lust for fame, and the necessity for money. Sometimes they are all combined, although many of the greatest writers, Shakespeare for one and Molière for another, seem to have cared little or nothing for the good opinion of posterity. The impulse for self-expression and the desire to accomplish an immediate purpose are both potent, but neither is as insistent and as inexorable as the necessity for money. In every country and in every age men of genius have been tempted to adventure themselves in that form of literature which happened then and there to be most popular and, therefore, most likely to be profitable. This is what accounts for the richness of the drama in England under Queen Elizabeth, for the vogue of the essay under Queen Anne and her successors, and for the immense expansion of the novel under Queen Victoria.

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Dr. Johnson went so far as to assert that a man was a fool who wrote from any other motive than the need of cash. This is a characteristically false utterance; and it is discredited by the significant fact that the piece of Johnson's own prose which has the most savor is his letter to Chesterfield, for which he was not paid and in which he was distilling his rancor,—in other words, expressing himself without ulterior purpose. Yet this saying of his may suggest a reason for the neglect which has befallen nearly all of Johnson's work. He wrote for pay, and he could not expect posterity to take pleasure in perusing what he had not taken pleasure in composing. In this twentieth century of ours Johnson occupies a very singular position in literature, since he now survives, not by what he wrote himself, but almost altogether by what another man wrote about him. Few readers there are to-day for Johnson, although there are many for Boswell who did not write primarily for money. The burly and narrow-minded doctor may have had an insolent liking for his biographer, but he never suspected that the little Scotsman was a subtler and more delicate artist in portraiture than he was himself. Lowell did not put the case too strongly when he declared that "Boswell is quite as unique as Shakespeare."

That the need for money has not been always the overmastering motive is made evident by the long list of authors, ancient and modern, who were not men of letters by profession, whose writings are by-products of their other activities, who wrote without any expectation of pay; and took pen in hand, either inspired by the impulse for self-expression, like Wordsworth and Musset, or moved to accomplish an immediate purpose, like Franklin and Voltaire. Franklin never wrote for money and he never published a book; his works consist only of occasional pamphlets, and probably nothing would more surprise him to-day than the fact that he now holds an honored place as a man of letters. Voltaire was a shrewd money-maker, a singularly adroit man of affairs; but only a small proportion of his large fortune was earned by his pen. Franklin and Voltaire were men of affairs who carried literature as a side-line.

As M. Beljame has stated the case in his admirable discussion of the relations of the public and the men of letters in England in the eighteenth century:

"So long as education is the privilege of a chosen few, so long as the

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taste for and the habit of reading are not spread abroad in a fair proportion of society, it is clear that writers can find in the sales of their works only an uncertain and insufficient resource."

Literature as a profession, as a calling which shall support its man, is possible only after the earlier aristocratic organization has broadened into a more democratic condition, and after the appreciation of letters has ceased to be the privilege only of the few. So long as the narrower aristocratic organization endures, the man of letters cannot rely on his pen for support. He needs a Mæcenas; he begs for pensions; he hucksters his dedications. He may believe that poetry is his vocation, but he feels the need of an avocation to keep a roof over his head.

So it is that until the growth of a middle class, and the extension of education combine to make the structure of society more democratic and to supply at last a reading public large enough to reward the author's labor, literature can be little more than the accompaniment of its creator's other activities. Shakespeare and Molière were actors. Fielding was a police magistrate and Scott was a sheriff. Burns was a gauger and Wordsworth a stamp-distributer. Hawthorne had places in the revenue and in the consular services. Longfellow and Lowell were college professors. And it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that in the mid-years of the nineteenth century a large proportion of New England writers were able to support themselves only because they were competent also to practise the allied art of the lecturer. The lyceum system, as it was called, was long the mainstay of American literature. One man of letters used to declare that he lectured for fame,—F-A-M-E,—Fifty And My Expenses.

Only by his annual vagrancy as a lecturer was the frugal Emerson able to bring up his family. He was not blind to the inconveniences of the procedure, and in his journal he recorded that it seemed to him tantamount to this:

"I'll bet you fifty dollars a day for three weeks that you will not leave your library and wade, and freeze, and ride, and run, and suffer all manner of indignities, and stand up for an hour each night reading in a hall; and I answer, 'I'll bet I will.' I do it and win the nine hundred dollars."

And yet, whatever its inconveniences and its indignities, the lyceum system marks an economic advance; it made possible an appeal to the public as a whole. And as it enabled the lecturer to rely on his fellow citizens, so it forced

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him to rub shoulders with them and to widen his own outlook on life; it was fundamentally anti-aristocratic.

The lyceum system in America provided the economic possibility which permitted Emerson to support himself without sacrifice of character. The lack of an equivalent economic possibility in England is responsible for the pitiful waste of the large genius of Dryden. M. Beljame has made it clear that under the Restoration there was really no public for an author to rely on. There was the corrupt court, there was a petty coterie of self-styled wits; and that was all. For books there was little or no sale, although there were casual profits from fulsome dedications to noble patrons. As a result there is little vitality in the literature of the Restoration, little validity. And Dryden, a man of noble endowment, had to make a living by composing broad comedies, to tickle the jaded courtiers, a form of literature for which, as he confessed frankly, he was not naturally gifted.

Dryden was born out of time, either too late or too early. His work would be larger and richer had he been a younger contemporary of Shakespeare, expressing himself amply in the full tragic form which Shakespeare transmitted to those who followed him. It would have been more spontaneous had he been a contemporary of Pope or of Scott or of Tennyson. Even in Pope's time, separated from Dryden's by so brief a span, there had come into existence a reading public to whom a poet could appeal. In the preface to the "Dunciad," Pope prided himself on the fact that he had never held office or received a pension or any gift from queen or minister.

> "But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
> Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive."

And having gained nine thousand pounds by his translation, he felt independent enough to dedicate the long-expected book, not to any noble patron who would pay liberally for the honor, but to his fellow author Congreve.

In the century that intervened between Pope and Byron, the reading public kept on expanding and the publishing trade established itself solidly. The economic conditions of authorship were thereby immeasurably improved; and it would be interesting to speculate on the enrichment of English poetry by the natural outflowering of Dryden's genius, which might have taken place if the author of "Absalom

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and Achitophel" had been born a contemporary of the author of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Scott, at the same time, and Tennyson a half-century later, won large rewards by a direct appeal to the broadening body of readers; and yet who would be so bold as to suggest that Dryden was inferior to either of these popular poets in masculine vigor or in intellectual power?

In Dryden's day literature had not yet become a profession, since a profession cannot be said to exist until it can support its professionals. Indeed, the final difference between the professional and the amateur is that the latter is willing to work for nothing, whereas the former demands his day's wages. Bayes, the hero of the "Rehearsal" (in which Dryden was satirized), revealed himself as an amateur when he cried: "For what care I for money? I write for Fame and Reputation." And Byron stood forth a professional when he persisted in raising his rate of payment at the very time when he was insisting on Murray's treating him as a nobleman. The professional man of letters may be known by his respect for a check on the bank,—for what Lowell aptly described as "that species of literature which has the supreme art of conveying the most pleasure in the least space."

Although the unfortunate economic condition of literature in his day especially affected Dryden, who felt himself forced to compose comedies of a doubtful decency, the author of "All for Love" is far from being alone in the history of English literature in this lack of adjustment between the work for which he was intended by native gift and the task to which he turned perforce to earn his living. As Dryden wrote comedies against the grain, so in their day Greene and Peele wrote plays of a more primitive type, although neither of them had the instinctive faculty of the born playwright. Marlowe, of the mighty line, was essentially an epic poet, and it is by main strength that he built his cumbrous pieces. Peele and Greene were essentially lyric poets, feeling feebly after a dramatic formula which was ever eluding their grasp. Both Greene and Peele were turned aside from the true expression of their genius by the ready pay of the playhouse, which then gave better wages than could elsewhere be had.

Later examples are abundant and significant. For instance, Steele and Addison elaborated the delightful eight-

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eenth-century essay with its easy briskness and its playful social satire; and Goldsmith, in his turn, found the form ready to his hand and exactly suited to his special gift. But because this airy and graceful essay had an enduring popularity and because it brought in a prompt reward in cash, it was attempted by the ponderous Dr. Johnson, who was wholly devoid of the natural lightness, the intangible charm, and the allusive felicity which the essay demanded.

In the nineteenth century the vogue of the essay was succeeded by the vogue of the novel, which was attempted by not a few as little fitted for fiction as Johnson was for the essay. Brougham and Motley and Froude severally adventured themselves in fiction. Perhaps it is not fanciful to suggest that it was the desire for popularity and for the pecuniary reward that fiction then proffered abundantly which lured George Eliot into novel-writing rather than any native impulse to story-writing. Her labored narratives, rich as they are in insight into humanity, lack spontaneity; they are the result of her intelligence primarily; they are built by obvious effort. If the economic conditions of literature in the nineteenth century had been different, it is unlikely that Mary Ann Evans would ever have attempted fiction. And Charles Reade, who liked to think of himself as a more original novelist than George Eliot, used to assert that he had been intended by nature for a dramatist, and that he had been forced into novel-writing by bad laws. Quite possibly Augier and the younger Dumas, had they written in English, might have felt the same legal oppression, coercing them to give up the drama for prose-fiction.

Novels may be written for money, but history must be a labor of love. Now and again, most unexpectedly, a historical work happens to hit the public fancy and to bring to its surprised author an unexpected reward for his toil. But this is only a happy accident, most infrequent; and the historian can count himself fortunate if he has not to pay out of his own pocket for the publication of his work. As Rivarol said, "There are virtues that one can practise only when one is rich," and the writing of history is one of these virtues. Macaulay toiled long in India, that he might accumulate the modest fortune which would give him leisure to undertake the researches that were to sustain his history. Gibbon and Prescott and Parkman were lucky in inheriting the sufficient estates which enabled them to live

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laborious days without taking thought of the morrow. Indeed, it must be admitted that here is one of the best defences of inherited wealth that in every generation a few picked men are set free for unremunerative investigations not otherwise likely to be undertaken.

While history is thus seen to be more or less dependent on special economic conditions, its close ally, oratory, is dependent rather on political conditions. In the last analysis, oratory is the art of persuasion; it is lifeless and juiceless when the speaker has not set his heart upon influencing those he is addressing. It is impossible where there is no free speech. In fact, it can flourish only in a free people, and it stiffens into academic emptiness whenever the citizen is muzzled. It ceased in Greece as soon as the tyrants substituted their rule for the large freedom of the commonwealth. It froze into formality in Rome as soon as the Empire was erected on the ruins of the Republic. It developed healthily in Great Britain and in the United States as the people came to take political power into their own hands. In France, under the monarchy, it could flourish only in the pulpit within the narrow limitations of the Lenten sermon and of the funeral discourse; and as a result the orators of the Revolution, after they had achieved the right to speak out, had no models to keep them from artificiality and from pedantry. They lacked the experience of actual debate which trains for directness and for sincerity.

Just as the full development of oratory is dependent upon political conditions, so the ample expansion of the drama is dependent on social conditions. When Longfellow declared that the country is lyric and the town dramatic he had in mind probably the fact that the lyric poet deals with nature, whereas the dramatic poet deals with human nature. The lyric poet may live in rural solitude, chanting his own emotions at his own sweet will. The dramatic poet has to dwell with the throng that he may gain intimate knowledge of the varied types of humanity he needs to people his plays. But he is compelled to the city by another fact,—the fact that only where men are massed together can the frequent audiences be found which alone can support the theatre. The drama is a function of the crowd; and it is impossible in a village community where the inhabitants are scattered over the distant hillsides. It can flourish only

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in the densely populated cities, where all sorts and conditions of men are packed together, restless and energetic. No dramatist ever had a chance to develop except in an urban community where the actual theatre provided him with the means of practising his art. If any man born with the instinctive faculty of playmaking, the essential dramaturgic quality, chanced to grow to maturity in a purely rural environment he must have been driven forth to a city, or else from sheer lack of opportunity he must have failed to accomplish what he vaguely desired. In the remote village a mute inglorious Milton might perchance develop into an enamored architect of airy rhyme, but a Shakespeare would be doomed to remain mute and inglorious.

The drama, being dependent on the mass of men, being a function of the crowd, has never been aristocratic, as certain of the other forms of literary art may have been now and again. The drama is, indeed, the only art which is inherently and inevitably democratic, since the playwright cannot appeal to a coterie of the cultivated only or to a clique of dilettants. It is the playwright's duty, as it is his pleasure also, to move men in the mass, to appeal to them as fellow human beings only, to strive to ascertain the greatest common denominator of the throng. To say this is to suggest that the drama is likely to gain steadily in power, now that the chief nations of the modern world are organized at last upon a democratic basis. And the prediction may be ventured also that if the rising tide of socialism ever succeeds in overwhelming democracy and in substituting collective effort for personal endeavor, the drama will be the first art to suffer, since it exists primarily to set forth the struggle of individual wills and the clash of contending desires.

Literature cannot help being more or less aristocratic in its tone when the man of letters must look for his living to a pension from a monarch or to a guerdon from a noble patron. Literature becomes democratic inevitably when the man of letters is released from this servitude to a social superior and when he finds himself free to appeal for support to the public as a whole. Economic and political and legal conditions need to be taken into account by all historians of literature, ancient and modern. "While his appearance at a particular moment appears to us a matter of chance, the great man influences society only when society

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is ready for him." So Professor Seligman has asserted, adding the apt command that "if society is not ready for him he is called not a great man, but a visionary or a failure."

He who possesses the potentiality of becoming one of the great men of literature may be born out of time or he may be born out of place. For the full expansion of his genius he needs the fit moment and the fit environment, and without the one or the other he may be crushed and maimed. And yet if he has the affluent largeness of true genius, he is likely to have also the shrewd common sense of the man of affairs. He will have the gift of making the best of things as they chance to be without whining and without revolt. He will rise superior to circumstances either because he is supple enough to adapt himself to them or because he is strong enough to conquer them, turning into a stepping-stone the obstacle which weaker creatures would find only a stumbling-block.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

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TOLSTOI'S RELIGION

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX

THE chief features of Tolstoi's revolt against modern life are familiar to all readers. Of his activity as artist and prophet nothing more perfect or more complete can be said than that which has already appeared in these pages from the pen of him who stands first in American letters to-day. The excuse for a further discussion of the great Russian prophet's point of view is that we now know the last pathetic facts of his passing and we have access to the authoritative "Life"* containing many passages from his diary and letters. Moreover, to the present writer at any rate, the new valuation of conduct, the partially abortive attempt at a reversal of our manner of living, seem not so much a strange anomaly as a sign of the times; a striking example of an undercurrent of unrest at the heart of modern society. Indeed, Tolstoi's theory of conduct seems less an early Christian or medieval revival than something like the birth throes of the new social consciousness.

Tolstoi himself speaks of a spiritual change that came over him in middle life, a conversion, having all the outer signs and symbols of conversion. He describes at length the period that preceded the change and the immediate results. Indeed, no one familiar with Tolstoi's writings from first to last but would predict that his rare endowment of sincerity and truthfulness, his way of deliberately facing the fact and naming it openly, would have to result in a change of habits, in some outward and visible sign of the inward grace. But it is the perfectly natural progression of his religious life which is the striking truth rather than the conversion which he describes. In the very first published story of Tolstoi's, "Childhood," we see signs of those convictions which later ruled his life; his undecorated

* "The Life of Tolstoi." By Aylmer Maude. Dodd, Meade & Co.

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sincerity, his firm grip upon reality, his keen logical insight into all the shifts and twists and ease-making hypocrisies of the spirit. From the time he was a little boy he was accustomed to keep a diary in which he set down every little sin he committed in order to repent of it and refrain thereafter, and one has only to read his novels to know how little he would gloss over any weakness. He never saw himself as a hero. Although he appears in each one of his books, there is never the slightest tendency to idealize himself; even as Vladimir in " Childhood " he is ugly, weak and at times brutal. As Levin in " Anna Karénina," the character with which he is, perhaps, most completely identified, he remains ineffective and more given to theorizing than to action.

His biographer, however, notes that from early youth he showed evidence that the theories of his later life were never very far from him.

" His humane relations toward the peasants, his condemnation of many of the manifestations of modern civilization, his simplicity in household matters and dress, his exemplary family life, humane educational ideals, deep love of sincerity and of industry (including physical labor), his ardent search for truth and for self-improvement, his gradually increasing accessibility to and regard for others, his undoubted love of family and his hatred of violence "—

these were distinguishing features of his young manhood.

Tolstoi himself gives us an account of a moral and spiritual crisis in his life at about the age of fifty. As early as 1861 he had founded schools for peasant children on his place in Yasnaya-Polyana in which he tried methods of education not unrelated to the much later essays of Dr. John Dewey in Chicago. Tolstoi's main innovations were the abolition of physical punishment and his application of the theory that children must learn because they are interested and only when they are interested. He taught in his school himself, devoted many years of his life to writing primers and readers for school children and published an educational magazine expounding his theories. A definite spiritual unrest had already taken hold of him at this time, and he felt that he must make himself of service to his kind. It is his own suggestion that he might have had the spiritual crisis then had he not at that time fallen in love and married and for fifteen years been absorbed in a particularly happy married life, the education of his large fam-

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ily, the improvement of his estates and the care of his peasants.

In speaking of the spiritual darkness that later overcame him, Tolstoi writes:

"All this befell me at a time when all around me I had what is considered complete good fortune. I was not yet fifty; I had a good wife who loved me and whom I loved; good children and a large estate which, without much effort on my part, improved and increased. I was respected by my relations and acquaintances more than at any previous time. I was praised by others; without much self-deception I could consider my name famous. And far from being insane or mentally unwell, on the contrary, I enjoyed strength of mind and body such as I had seldom met with among men of my kind. Physically I could keep up with the peasants at mowing. Mentally I could work for eight to ten hours at a stretch without experiencing any ill results from such exercises."

Despite this, the awful question of the use of life continually sounded in his heart. There was no meaning to wealth or fame, affection or family. The futility of the usual gains and compensations of mortal man overwhelmed him. Life's treasures offered no assuagement to the immortal spirit disquieted within him. When these questions of the value of life first beset him, Tolstoi felt that the ground had given way beneath his feet, that there was nothing left to stand on. His depression and misery at this time of doubt and questioning were such that he hid a rope from himself lest he should some day throw it over the beam that cut off his sitting-room from his dressing-room and end the importunate thoughts. He consulted Socrates, Schopenhauer, Solomon, Buddha and finally Christ. The first ray of light came to him, he tells us, in the form of question and answer:

"What am I?"—"A part of the Infinite."

The question and answer are strangely significant. One recalls the first recorded utterance of Christ: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" No mortal matter can satisfy the demands of the immortal spirit. It has no peace until it turns to the business of infinity. It had come to Tolstoi that all those things which hedge a man round, which separate him from other men, mean spiritual bloodshed; and whatsoever things bind a man to other men and to other forms of life are enlargement and healing, are the upbuilding of the immortal spirit.

Tolstoi is a valuable example of the world-wearied spirit

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both because of his sincere and candid exposition of the whole matter and because with his powerful endowment of genius and fortunate circumstances, it is impossible to account for his sufferings by external conditions, as in the cases of Leopardi, Schopenhauer, Amiel and others. With every possible reason for happiness, Tolstoi felt the unreason and misery of mortal life with all the poignancy of a Hebrew prophet. Moreover, his is an interesting case because he found a solution of his problem and that without any appeal to the supernatural or any demand upon an unfounded faith. Few even of the greatest of men have traversed so wide a field in a single lifetime, have overcome so many inborn habits and instincts, traditions and prejudices, and very few men of any time have done more to alter the world in which they lived.

The common question when Tolstoi is the theme of discussion is, "What did he *do?*"

"Sin can scan sin; but dimly reads high grace."

His rather unsympathetic biographer, Aylmer Maude, says that when he was confronted by this question from the gallery while he was lecturing on Tolstoi in Chicago he was unable to muster a reply. But that was not because there are no replies to the question. Some of the answers might be: he lived an exemplary life of great self-forgetfulness; he completely upset established values; he threw a searching light upon the Church and Church doctrine and insistently turned men's thoughts back to the pure teachings of Christ; he showed by actual practice that these teachings were less chimerical than the world had believed.

He was a forerunner of the new religion of the spirit; the religion which, perhaps, Christ had in mind when He spoke of the time when men should worship the Father in spirit and truth, having already pointed out that the only way of worshipping the Father was by loving the brother who is at hand. This is a religion which is begetting a new consciousness in us, a consciousness which will allow no man to feel his neighbor's burden or suffering more lightly than his own. Our imaginations are slowly becoming more and more sensitive under its influence. We have in the last half-century abolished the doctrine of eternal damnation, a theory which was received by our grandmothers and grandfathers with great placidity of spirit and even gave pleasurable sensa-

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tions in the seventeenth century to so gentle and joyous a poet as Traherne. There are few mortals to-day mean enough to accept a heaven haunted by shrieks of hell. The last and lowest amongst us would want to get up and go down and see what could be done down there to improve life. Poets, prophets and seers have long been heralding the dawn of this new religion; a religion which is the basis of all philanthropy; the goal for which, wrong-headedly or not, the Socialists are striving; the aim of Christian Nihilists, Individualists and the Orthodox alike; the kernel of Quakerism and Unitarianism. Nowhere, perhaps, in the modern world has this religion been more beautifully exemplified than in Tolstoi's life, more simply or more eloquently expounded than in his later writings.

The change in Tolstoi's point of view resulted at first in his acceptance of the Orthodox Christianity of the Eastern Church. He found among the peasants a certain simple untroubled acceptance of life and its ills, poverty, deprivation, disease and death, which seemed to him a practical religion and he began by accepting their tenets. He went to church and partook of the sacraments with regularity, but his was not a mind to rest in sophistry or quibbling. He states his first difficulty in "My Religion":

"The more fully they (the church theologians) explained to me their doctrines the more clearly did I see their error. It was not that in their doctrines they mixed many unnecessary and unreasonable things with the Christian truths that had always been real to me, that was not what repelled me. I was repelled by the fact that these people's lives were like my own: with only this difference, that such a life did not correspond with the principles they expounded in their teachings.

"No arguments could convince me of the truth of their faith. Only deeds which showed that they saw a meaning in life and which made what was so dreadful to me,—poverty, sickness and death,—not dreadful could convince me, and such deeds I did not see among the various bodies of believers in our circle. On the contrary, I saw such deeds done by the people of our circle who were the most unbelieving, but never by the so-called believers. And I understood that the belief of these people was not the faith I sought, and that their faith was not a real faith, but an epicurean consolation in life."

Tolstoi came to feel that Church dogma, far from coinciding with the teachings of Christ, was designed to divert men's minds from the very things Christ taught and lived for. Moreover, it became more and more plain that, though people credulously reiterate these dogmas, they mean nothing by them. "What," exclaims the prophet in one place,

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"has a belief in miracles to do with obeying Christ's commandments?" To walk on water is a physical phenomenon and has no relation to the love of truth, which is a spiritual power. Though such doctrines as withstand the test of the simplest common sense, such as a belief in a triune God, and so forth, meant something genuine, undoubtedly, to the original formulators, he rightfully discarded them as aids to conduct in the present day. He was sure that the Kingdom of God must be founded upon earth here and now and that it was to be discovered within us by conforming to Christ's teaching.

Tolstoi's preparation to come at the meanings of Christ was neither slight nor superficial. He prepared himself not only by ascetic discipline, but by a thorough study of sources, reading both Greek and Hebrew Scriptures in the original, studying the history of the manuscripts, and especially finding out what could be known about interpolations in later revisions. In the end he reached a simple statement of Christ's teachings. In it are no metaphysics to baffle the understanding of the lowliest; no philosophic subtleties for the learned; no question of mysteries to be accepted on faith because reason balks at them. He found Christ's teachings were easily summed up in five commandments:

"Thou shalt not kill.
"Thou shalt not commit adultery.
"Thou shalt not forswear thyself.
"Resist not him that is evil.
"Love your enemies."

The commands are very simple, and yet to practise them would be a complete reversal of civilization and what we are pleased in our humility to call "human nature." If we are not to kill, what is to become of the capital punishment of criminals and of war and of all forms of legalized, wholesale slaughter? If divorce is not permissible under any circumstances, how are we to legalize and make respectable the imperfectly monogamous instincts of the race? If we may never forswear ourselves, what is to become of all the oaths of fealty to governments and official superiors? Literally each will be able to regard only his duty to God and his own conscience. "Resist not him that is evil." What, again, is to become of the punishment of criminals, of the people we force to work for us, of our own dignity?

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If a man injure us, shall we not withdraw and preserve ourselves from future annoyance? Few, of course, would maintain the right to return an injury by an injury, but shall we not in some way punish the offender? If we are struck, shall we not escape the danger of a renewal of the same hurt? But the answer to all this follows quickly: "*Love* your enemies." There are to be no carrying of grievances into courts. Tolstoi in his beautiful and simple short stories, written so plainly that a child of five or an unlettered peasant could delight in them, makes plain his view of these matters. In "A Candle" and "If You Neglect the Fire You Don't Put It Out" he makes his meaning quite clear, and it is a literal acceptation of the two commandments. "Resist not him that is evil; love him."

Ernest Crosby, in his beautiful and illuminating little brochure, "Tolstoi and His Message," says as to these most difficult tenets:

> "The position taken by most Christians that Jesus made it a rule to say what He did not mean is fast becoming untenable. Common intellectual honesty before long will have completely undermined it. We must choose between Christianity and its teachings on one hand and an honest paganism on the other. I once read the portions of the Sermon on the Mount which refer to turning the other cheek and giving up one's cloak to my nine-year-old boy with the object of getting his opinion. His response was brief and to the point. 'Oh, what stuff,' was the only comment. And I value this answer as a frank expression of judgment."

The same experiment was tried with an exceedingly pious young girl of sixteen or seventeen by telling her the story of the man who had literally obeyed Christ's injunction, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off," and this young Christian's comment was: "How silly! Anybody might know Christ never meant that!"

This goes to show that what Christ taught was a complete reversal of the natural order. Tolstoi saw this, admitted it, and once accepting Christ determined to adjust his life as far as he could to His teachings. There has been, perhaps, but one other Christian who ever attempted this—St. Francis of Assisi. Indeed, it is one of the most dogmatic teachings of the Church that to accept Christ literally is to fail. This God who is supposed to have descended from Heaven to earth to save mankind is constantly accused by His followers of exaggeration, of dealing in Oriental imagery, of expressing a heightened poetic temperament—a

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temperament for which we must make allowances before we undertake to obey His teachings.

It is not surprising that at the time of reorganizing his life Tolstoi jots down in his diary:

"A talk with Fet and my wife." "The Christian teaching is not practicable." "Then is it stupid?" "No, but not practicable." "Have you tried to practise it?" "No, but it is not practicable."

Having finally left the Church, on the double grounds that it made no attempt to practise what it preached and that it involved Christ's simple commands in a confusing network of metaphysical subtleties, Tolstoi once more took up the task of finding adequate reason for the faith that was in him. He began by discriminating very carefully between what he could know and what he could not. He refused to make any assertions of God, His nature, the creation or schemes of salvation and redemption. He asserts that man owes allegiance to virtue or to some power higher and more unified than himself and that he knows this through the workings of his reason and conscience. All vital thinkers, poets, prophets, saints and seers have agreed that we do not live in a moral chaos where nothing is either right or wrong, but that we are, by our inherent nature, in a moral universe to which we can in some measure conform. We each have a conscience which came to us from somewhere. We did not invent it ourselves. Dormant or active, there is in each one of us a higher nature, a spiritual or divine prompting. Jesus identified Himself utterly with this higher nature, even to the point of saying, "I and my Father are one," although He also asks His disciples to be one with Him in exactly the same way. When Tolstoi began to make these simple declarations of what religion meant he was, of course, cast out by both camps. To church people he was an atheist and a heretic, and to the scientists and the learned he was a credulous dotard.

It may be well to try to clear up here just what Tolstoi's attitude to Church doctrine was. He denounced all metaphysical dogma, all belief in the miraculous and the unreasonable, as being, whether true or not, futile and confusing. He denied that God was Christ's father in any other way than He is the father of all humanity, admitting, however, that the more divine the nature the nearer it must be to the source of being. He ranked the Old Testament Scriptures with the great early literatures of other peoples. As to the

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New Testament he concurs with Mill, Shelley and many other deep-seeing thinkers in a frank disapproval of the epistles of Paul, whom he accuses of giving a fatal bias to Christ's teachings, enabling the early Church to ally itself with the State and turning men's minds from the simplicity and directness of Christ's teaching. "The powers that be are ordained of God," he quotes, scornfully, and then asks: "Which powers? Those of Pougatchef (the Russian rebel leader who held the Volga provinces under his sway) or those of Catherine II?" In the early part of his Christian life he saw no reason to believe in immortality, but having transferred all the powers and interests of his personality from his own service to the service of God—that is, to matters of universal interest—his consciousness of himself as part and parcel of the Infinite so grew upon him that toward the end he could not conceive of consciousness as ending with the death of the body. He refrains, however, from any definite assertions as to what such a continuance might mean; whether a personal immortality; a series of reincarnations; a group consciousness, or a merging of the personal into the whole. Even in his last years he refused to admit that he really believed in what is known as a personal God and reiterated that man is virtuous and happy, in so far as he unites himself to the whole.

"'The conception of God is not God,' he reasons, but goes on to say that the conception of God is one that can be evoked or destroyed in the soul. If one destroys it all life dies out of the heart. If one nourishes it, one lives not only in one's own life, but in all life. When Tolstoi reached this conclusion he heard a voice in his heart which said: 'What more do you ask? This is all. God is that without which we cannot live. To know God and to live is one and the same thing. God is life.'"

Tolstoi's religion was the only valid faith in Christ—namely, the faith *of* Christ; a literal belief that Christ meant what He said and that he knew what He was talking about; that to hold up the noblest ideal and trust to its inherent persuasiveness, abjuring all coercion, will bring forth durable and practical results. Tolstoi's door to the mysteries was simply a life of self-forgetful labor in the love and service of humanity. He believed that if one once began to think of what is practical or whether humanity or society is prepared for Christianity the doctrine will drop to the plane of mere expediency and then to party or personal

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advantage. Men, he reiterated, live, not by seeking their advantage, but by kindliness and love.

The outcome of his theory in his own life is widely known. He was an aristocrat who lived with and for the humblest peasants. Owning an estate which in his early married life was valued at five hundred thousand dollars, he made, after his conversion, every possible effort to rid himself of his property. At his first suggestion to give it all to the peasants of the surrounding country Countess Tolstoi threatened court procedure to retain the property. For some time she also refused to accept the property herself, but finally took a power of attorney so that she might practically have command of it, and later on allowed the equal division of the property amongst herself and her children.

Tolstoi had always been in the habit of giving away from fifteen hundred dollars to three thousand dollars a year to the peasants about him. Although Countess Tolstoi became a publisher and made a large amount of money out of issuing editions of all her husband's earlier work, he refused to copyright anything he wrote after 1881, the date when he definitely set about to teach and to live his teachings. This, however, interfered little with Countess Tolstoi's activities as publisher. She always brought out the authentic and best editions of her husband's work and made a large income thereby.

There is a good deal of current literary gossip about Countess Tolstoi's sufferings from poverty in her early married life, but according to the biography of Aylmer Maude, which was submitted to the Countess herself for correction, she brought with her, when she married, a dowry of from twenty-five thousand dollars to thirty thousand dollars, which was about one-tenth the value of Tolstoi's own property then. As to her doing manual labor, and so forth, there is continual mention, in the account of the early married life of the Tolstois, of servants, overseers, butlers, English nurses and foreign governesses. The Countess never went the whole length of the way with Tolstoi as to adjusting their lives to their belief. She had to a remarkable degree that extension of egotism which marks motherhood. She was willing to accept the higher truths for herself if necessary, but for her children she wanted the goods of this world.

A letter of the Countess to Tolstoi is given in the biog-

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raphy written at the time when the difference between them was at its height. There is a definite touch of malice and resentment in the letter, but it was followed the same day by a little note showing how deep, despite all difficulties, was the underlying reverence and devotion. She writes:

"All at once I pictured you vividly to myself and a sudden flood of tenderness arose in me. There is something in you so wise, kind, naïve and obstinate and which is all lit up by that tender interest in every one, natural to you alone, and by your look that reaches straight to people's souls."

At about the same time there is a pathetic entry in Tolstoi's own diary:

"One's family is the indicator of the place one must occupy on the economic ladder. It is one's flesh. As a weak stomach needs light food so a pampered family needs more than a family accustomed to a life of privation."

Tolstoi's effort to make his life conform to his theory was thoroughgoing and sincere. His doctrine of non-resistance alone would have prevented his forcing his view upon his family. There is ample testimony in the biography, not only to his wife's reverence for him, but to his children's utter love which casteth out fear. Guests repeatedly testify that the children are unabashed, noisy and merry in his presence, and they play with him and chaff him about his theories. Gay, the painter, comments on the fact that while Tolstoi was thinking for the whole human race, no special consideration was ever shown him in his own house. Neither his time, energy nor solitude were spared. The house was full of guests most of the time and no one in the family seemed to have been as little considered as the prophet himself. Of his daughters, the eldest, Tanya, accepted his doctrines more or less; the second, Mary, and the youngest, Alexandra, accepted them entirely, and all three were absolutely devoted to their father. Sergius, the oldest son, paid no attention to his father's theories, managed the estate when he was old enough and was later a member of the Russian Duma. The second and third sons made efforts to live according to the father's ideals; and the three youngest sons born, it may be noted in passing, at the time when difficulties and discussions were rife in the family paid no attention to their father's theories and in general caused the family no little shame and trouble.

It is, of course, easy to pick flaws and find illogical discrepancies in Tolstoi's life and teaching. Although he

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denied authority to the Old Testament Scriptures, there was no command upon which he laid more stress than the curse upon Adam in leaving Eden. He insisted upon Christ's teaching as the basis of life, and yet he insisted equally upon a life of physical labor and refused to believe that any one had a right to give his entire time to mental or spiritual matters to the exclusion of manual industry. Not only does Christ's life, as far as we know it, not conform to this idea, but if the story of Martha and Mary is reliable we have His own word that the meditative life is higher than the busy care for many things. But these slight discrepancies hardly count. Few honest people can read Tolstoi from beginning to end without a firm conviction that he was perfectly sincere and in the main tenets *entirely right, and that the religion he so powerfully heralded* is the religion of the day at hand. Indeed, though he would not have admitted it himself, Tolstoi was a great mystic and had in his own way the mystic vision, the cosmic sense. What Walt Whitman in our land reached in buoyancy and joy Tolstoi came at in Russia through travail and suffering. He submitted to the entire mystic process, the time of darkness, doubt and misery, the ascetic discipline, deliberate renunciation, the sense of truth discovered and peace and joy in living for that truth. The truth he found is the mystic's truth that the spirit is part and parcel of the infinite whole; that there is no such thing as individual happiness, there is only joy in love, in the radiation of the feeling of brotherhood and harmony until it amounts to a sense of identity with all humanity. There are numerous instances in Tolstoi's life of his capacity for actually experiencing this sense of identification with others, as in the case of the little boy in the school at Yasnaya-Polyana who was being punished for thieving, and again at the time when the five assassins of the Tsar were about to be put to death by Alexander III. At this time Tolstoi recounts that whenever he fell asleep or even became drowsy and quiet he was obsessed by the idea that he himself was the assassins (all five of them) and about to be executed; that he also was the Tsar and the hangman and the judges and about to be guilty of further murder. It was under the stress of this feeling that he wrote his noble but ineffectual appeal to the Tsar to use this occasion as a great opportunity for pardon.

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Not only in his sense of identification with humanity did Tolstoi show his connection with the mystics, but in his disciplinary renunciations. If the stupid question is still reiterated, "What did he renounce?" the answer is ready: he renounced first and foremost the greatest literary art of the nineteenth century. There is no novelist of that century comparable to him; not Flaubert, de Maupassant, Dostoievsky, Freitag, Thackeray, George Eliot, Dickens or Balzac—most assuredly not the exquisite dilettante and craftsman, Tourgenieff. He renounced peace and ease in his home and family, and he renounced wealth. It is futile to say that the worst of poverty is fear of the future and that Tolstoi never faced that. Fear of the future belongs to the well-to-do middle class who are afraid of losing their comforts and breaking up their habits. The worst of poverty for the really poor is coarse living, bareness, monotony, daily and hourly hardship and severe labor, and these Tolstoi accepted in the place of wealth, comfort and ease. And why? Because:

"I can no longer try to rise above other men and separate myself from them. . . . I can no longer seek fame and glory, nor can I help trying to get rid of my riches which separate me from my fellow creatures. I cannot help seeking in my way of life, in its surroundings, in my food, my clothes, my manners, to draw near to the majority of men and to avoid all that separates me from them."

This is quite in line with Edward Carpenter's fine passage:

"Better to be effaced, crazy, criminal, deformed, degraded; better, instead of the steep, to be the most dull, flat and commonplace road; better to go clean underfoot of all weak and despised persons so that they shall not even notice that you are there than to make the steep path of one weary traveller steeper or add the final stone of stumbling and despair."

Tolstoi had completely understood that true living is compatible only with the acknowledgment of oneness with all life. Knowing this, he repudiated, as did Shelley before him, the tribal instinct, patriotism, military ambitions, knowing that any limitation of sympathy is foolish and harmful.

In visiting an old peasant who had once been a pupil at Yasnaya-Polyana, Tolstoi said to him in farewell:

"God is a spirit and spirit is in every man, and his work is all one and his religion one and his love one. I in God—you in me—and I in you. He who lives in God will never die."

It is a mistake to consider Tolstoi's religion as the prod-

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uct of a single mind. His feeling of the unity of all human interests, his conviction that it is impossible to break the bond that binds the least and most unfortunate of us to the greatest and most important, is a feeling and conviction penetrating a large portion of humanity to-day, and in one form or another a feeling and conviction ever gaining further ground. It is the basis of the religion which is to come and which is worship in spirit and in truth. Most men escape misery by living in something a little beyond themselves — the family, the Church, society, a community, a cause. Tolstoi's need was greater, and he had to find a reason as large as his own nature. Nothing less than humanity, nothing less than what nowadays writers are beginning to call the "Whole" (however short any concept must fall of the reality), nothing less than this could assuage his thirst for the meaning of life.

Despite his insistence that he never received any revelation which might not come to any man of ordinary common sense and that religion should rest upon reason and should not dazzle itself with mysteries, miracles and metaphysical subtleties, his experiences of life and his solution of its problems were directly in line with the experiences of St. Francis of Assisi when he wedded poverty; of St. Theresa when she communed with the Lord, her lover; of St. John of the Cross when he emerged from the Dark Night of the Soul; of St. Catherine when she had visions of a mystic marriage. All were striving for a way of escape from imprisonment in the self and the single person's narrow interests. Each found something that stood to them for the Infinite. Tolstoi found humanity. In doing so he was simply representative of his own century, for none who hearken to the tread of Time but will believe that the dawn is bringing with it a certain new recognition of our common brotherhood. The rich are moving down among the poor, not so much to help them as to get an understanding of how poverty feels. Hospitals, libraries, orphanages, schools, multiply the world over so that opportunities for all men may be a little bit extended. Brutal punishments, wars, physical force, are constantly lessening. Sectarian barriers are breaking down. We cannot overlook the fact that these are all signs that man is becoming aware of other men; they are vague attempts of the common soul of humanity and produce harmony.

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

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THE PRESENT CONFLICT BETWEEN CHURCH AND STATE IN SPAIN

BY A SPANISH PROFESSOR

I

I FEEL that my personal opinion on the subject of this present article might be less important to the readers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW than the presentation of the terms of the problem which is occupying the mind of my country. This being my belief, I will endeavor, in regard to the present conflict, to be the historian who relates facts and tries to find within the limits of the historical field their psychological or social root.

The Spanish State is not constitutionally a theocratic State. The clergy is not a party of the Government and has access to Parliament only as the representative of a social element of the nation, a few members of which are appointed to the Senate. The prevalent religious *régime* is one of tolerance. Catholicism is considered as the official religion; but Article Eleven of the Constitution guarantees to non-Catholic Spanish citizens freedom from molestation, and establishes the right to perform the ceremonies of all cults or not to practise any, which was formerly considered a crime. However, up to the present time, the establishment of non-Catholic churches or chapels was allowed only with the condition that no signs revealing the character of the building should be displayed, nor was the performance in public of any religious ceremony allowed. Another aspect of this limitation which foreigners have noticed is the fact that within the Royal Palace there is only a Catholic chapel, and non-Catholic princes visiting Their Majesties have to seek outside a chapel of their national or private cults, while it is well known that in the palaces of the King of England Catholic chapels are open for the use of royal visitors professing that religion.

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The clergy are ruled by the Concordat. The regular or monastic clergy (friars) enjoy practically absolute freedom to establish themselves in Spain, hence in these latter years numerous orders proceeding from the Philippine Islands and from France have established themselves in the country.

An article of the Concordat of 1851, still in force, limits to three the number of these orders which may be established in the country. But the interpretation of this article is still a matter of controversy. One side requesting its literal enforcement, while the other holds that the Church may establish an unlimited number of orders in the country, only three of which would have legal standing. But whatever may be the result of this controversy, the State in the mean time permits religious establishments with their usual associated industries, to which the laws requiring assessment of taxes do not apply.

The secular clergy depends for its existence and for the support of a number of its dioceses on the national budget, an expenditure which is considered excessive by public opinion. This financial dependency on the State, to which is due, to a large extent, the alienation of ecclesiastical property, is not the only source of controversy, because the Government also controls appointments to high positions in the Church.

Catholicism being accepted as the official religion, our Civil Code does not recognize the right to contract matrimony by the civil form except to non-Catholics. The Catholics perform it canonically, and the State only intervenes in the act by the presence of a municipal judge or a delegate who draws up a license by virtue of which, it (the marriage) is recorded in the civil Registry. The civil power in this matter is, therefore, subordinate to the ecclesiastic. The law of the Revolutionary period (1868) compelling Spaniards to perform marriage by the civil form (without preventing the Catholics from celebrating it canonically as an additional confirmation) was abolished by the first Cabinet formed under the Restoration, and only in the Civil Code, adopted in 1888, has the adjustment of the two forms as described above been recognized. In regard to the requirements exacted from parties contracting matrimony before a municipal judge, a liberal Government resolved (not many years ago) to amplify the formula by exempting the contracting parties from the obligation declaring positively that they were not Catholics. This concession was not ap-

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proved by the clericals, who, fearing perhaps that some broad-minded Catholics might have dared, if relieved of that declaration, to contract a civil marriage, induced a conservative Government to revoke the royal decree of its predecessor. As a fact, it can be said, that many municipal judges throw impediments in the way of the performance of civil marriages even when the contracting parties are non-Catholics. The press has denounced many cases of a similar nature.

The fundamental law of Public Education promulgated as far back as the year 1857, although subject since then to numerous modifications and additions, provides that teaching, at public schools, must be under the supervision of the Bishops, but this precept has been nullified by usage and by several governmental resolutions. At most, to-day the cathedra is free, and if perchance some ill-advised member of the Government should attempt to molest any professor on account of his scientific beliefs, public opinion would raise a formidable protest against such interference. The same conservative Governments have opposed sometimes the representations of the clergy demanding the dismissal of some professor on account of his opinions. Such cases are now rare, in spite of the desire of those who would like to see the law of 1857 applied in all its severity.

Private education is free, and the law protects the establishment of laical schools—that is, schools where religion is not taught—or, of non-Catholic schools.

In public schools and colleges (institutes, lyceums) Catholic doctrine is taught and also sacred history, although in the latter institutions that course of study is elective.

Finally, the Constitution of the State does not require from any public employee a declaration of Catholicism. Therefore, in the Government offices, as well as in the provincial and municipal, those who do not profess that religion can also hold positions.

II

If this is the legal *régime,* it cannot be said that it reflects the situation as it exists, nor national opinion. Out of this *régime* various problems have arisen tending to its more or less thorough modification.

In the first place, the interpretation of Article Eleven of the Constitution is disputed. The irreconcilable Catholics

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pretend that in that part which authorizes tolerance the declaration that Catholicism is the official religion is paramount, and, consequently, that the State is bound to prevent the commission of any deed or act that might hurt the feelings of this influential element. Even the more liberal Catholics argue that tolerance is an evil, unavoidable perhaps in these times, and that it would be better if it did not exist. This state of mind, it can be well understood, is found reflected in the application of the religious policy.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that clericals have viewed as an attack on their religion the recent resolution of the Canalejas Government authorizing non-Catholic churches to place exterior signs showing the character of buildings, and that they do not favor the bill presented by the same Government abolishing religious oaths in those official acts which require them. In Parliament representative members and senators enjoy already the liberty of either taking the oath or simply making a promise, as they deem best, but in the Courts of Justice, refusal to take the oath has more than once involved the parties concerned in trials and scandals. A new Canalejas bill, which has now become a law, recognizes the right of every citizen to take the oath or not, according to his moral and religious opinions.

If the clericals complain of too much tolerance, as we have just seen, the non-clericals also find cause for many complaints. They do not accept the interpretation which Catholic reactionaries give Article Eleven, but they take the affirmative side, which is that it is not a pact between the Spanish Government and the Pope on Catholic unity, but only on that part of that unity which is covered in the Constitution. The multiplicity of religious orders established in the country in these latter years, the great number of persons belonging to them, and the juridical and economic privileges enjoyed by them, as stated above, have created *de facto* certain effects objected to by the liberal opinion of the country as being dangerous and positively injurious to some classes of the people. The objection of conservative Catholics is due to their fear that liberal influences will cause the great mass of clergy to promote tendencies of modern times and tend to create a free and enlightened people.

This controversy has caused an unfriendly rivalry between priests and nuns, and the teaching staff of private institutions of learning, which has been further aggravated

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because, while such clerical institutions occupy comparatively strong financial positions, they are relieved from payment of taxes and other burdens imposed by law.

On the other side, the financial privileges enjoyed by not a few convents, and the general establishment of industries by several of these religious communities, engender a competition ruinous to the interests of private enterprise, particularly the domestic, and also to workmen. So among the latter, there exists also, a tremendous opposition of an economic character against the convents which found vent in the violent outbreak of Barcelona in July, 1909.

This exposition would not be complete without disclosing a further cause for discontent, arising from the fact, that the monastic clergy have been absorbing the functions, such as saying masses and sermons, formerly performed, as a means of livelihood, by priests.

That the secular clergy, through fear of exposition and through restraint of discipline, are not discussing this situation does not invalidate its existence, nor relieve us from the necessity of pointing it out as worthy of comment, but will cause its elimination as a factor in the remedy of the evils complained of.

The necessity of reducing the number of dioceses and lightening that part of the budget relating to the clergy and, above all, of checking the increase of religious orders (friars and nuns) has been realized for a long time by the non-clerical opinion of the country, including many sincere Catholics. This feeling is, in fact, very old in Spain, as is shown by numerous historical documents; and our Government has been desirous for many years of placing all religious orders on a juridicial basis that would not make of them privileged entities. Negotiations were initiated with the Curia Romana aiming to accomplish the above purpose, orders were issued and bills presented to the same end. But such negotiations, due to the dilatory tactics of Rome, and sometimes also, to negligence and lack of sufficient interest by the Government, so far have not produced any results; and the legal resolutions, timid, deficient, hardly issued before revoked, the majority of them not complied with, have retarded the solution and aggravated the problem.

The present Government has done nothing more than go over the same road, apparently, with the purpose of defending spiritedly the rights of the civil power by modifying

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that part of the budget effecting the clergy — and of reducing or at least checking, the growth of religious orders. To that end, it has resumed in earnest, negotiations with Rome—which continues its dilatory policy resulting in ineffective discussion—and, furthermore, the Government has drawn up some legislative resolutions and submitted them to Parliament.

Among the latter is the bill which has become known as "Law of Padlock," which, while it does not close the door to the establishment of further religious orders, does increase the conditions necessary to their existence (for example, the missionaries of each institution), and also adds to the formalities required in securing permits. This moderation notwithstanding, the Curia Romana and the Spanish clericals see in the bill an attack on the Vatican, and an abuse of power, and they desire, while negotiations are in progress, to ventilate their views and to decide absolutely all questions without leaving to the civil power any authority to adopt measures or to rule within its sphere.

Such is the *motif* (apparently at least) of the present disagreement, and of the threatened rupture of negotiations, and of the argument used by clericals against the Government. The liberals, on the contrary, and especially the radicals and republicans, consider that the Government has done but little, and that its measures cannot solve advantageously the problems to which they refer.

As we have seen, if the clergy, by its diffusion, its privileges and the favor it enjoys among the rich classes of the country, possesses considerable social power, it cannot be said, speaking legally, to be a political factor whose intervention gives to the State a theocratic character. But *de facto* the clergy exercises a great political influence.

The prevailing tone of the religious politics of the clergy causes the public to confound them all under the denomination of "Carlists," an appellation equivalent to the one of "clerical," and of ultra-Catholic, and supposed to mean Absolutist and anti-Liberal opinions in politics. Father Vincent Mannes has said in relation to France: "The truth is that the Church became unpopular and even hateful in France for having associated its interests with those of the reactionary and Absolutist party." A similar thing has occurred in Spain. Having lent its support, almost without

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exception, to Carlism in the past civil wars, the Spanish clergy has acquired before the country the reputation of being reactionary, and it is only fair to say that it does not hasten to disavow it with its preaching and its electioneering, particularly in certain sections of the country. Furthermore, its attitude on the labor problem, siding always with the bosses and fighting the labor-unions, has led the Liberals and the working-men, who are non-Catholics, to consider the clergy in general as an active political and social enemy.

The secular clergy mixes also in politics, and each such politician is popularly called an "electioneering priest"—a personage who, mounted on a horse, goes all over the district seeking votes, and from the pulpit recommends candidates and takes his parishioners to vote by threats or by using religious arguments. An example of this mixing in politics is shown by the sermons in which they attack the Government and the liberal elements (a kind of criticism recognized and punished in the time of the Austrians) and for which offenders are tried before the courts. There is in addition the organization of a Catholic press ("the good press") whose object is to fight and to compete before the community with the liberal publications ("the naughty press"); among which are "*La Imparcial*," "*La Liberal*," "*L'Heraldo de Madrid*" and other important liberal or "good" papers. To the Catholic press many priests contribute. Not a few priests, on receiving the confession of their penitents, refuse to absolve them if they decline to abandon reading some paper of "the naughty press."

The liberal press has revealed the existence of mysterious clerical influences, as energetic as effective, on certain statesmen in the high spheres of the State. As a proof of this indictment, it will be sufficient to quote the fact that the fall of the last Moret Government has been attributed by a part of public opinion to the intervention and representation of two prelates. I cannot affirm the accusation, but from frequent reiterations it would seem to reveal a condition of thought to which can be applied our proverb that "when the river is heard, it is carrying water."

III

The importance of all this would be less if Catholicism in Spain were as in other nations; for instance, in the United States. But it is well known that among us the religious

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spirit assumes special forms, of which all the observers of our psychology and customs become aware, and which are acknowledged by all travellers who have been in Spain.

Not long ago I was told in Madrid the remark of a high political personality (certainly not suspected of radicalism) which expresses in a laconic and exact manner the character of that policy. While comparing our timid tolerance with the freedom enjoyed abroad by every one to practise his religion, this gentleman said that the religion of the Spaniards was "aggressive." The defence of the Inquisition, still undertaken among us by some clericals, endows that qualification with a great accuracy. Catholicism prefers force to concession to other beliefs; and this spirit goes hand in hand with the firm belief in the absolute superiority of the ecclesiastic power over the civil power in all spheres of life. Hence the retrograde feelings of our clericals and their refusal to discuss anything that affects or is thought to affect religion or the clergy; and as their conception of the religious sphere of action is so ample there is hardly any question—political, juridical, scientific, economic, even artistic—which does not fall under their jurisdiction. Nor do Catholics of this belief contemplate its limitation. Stationary, in their old moulds, suspicious of everything new, because they consider it dangerous, the Catholics to whom I refer belong to those whom Archbishop Ireland, with his great authority, censured for not understanding the spirit of modern times.

These irreconcilable Catholics, who are not exclusively of Spain, but are to be found here in greater numbers than in any other place and pretend to be the only pure ones, the only ones truly religious, would not understand the quoted censures of Archbishop Ireland; they execrate the "saints and signs" of the present epoch (reason, education, liberty, material progress of the masses); are incapable of loving the century in which they live, as that prelate has known how to love it, incapable of seeing that "what is good in it is substantial" even from the Catholic point of view, and they would not accept these words of the same Archbishop: "The past has not to return again. Reaction is the fantasy of the men who do not live or understand, of men seated at the doors of cemeteries weeping over tombs that will never be reopened and forgetting the live world that surrounds them."

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I have wanted to quote many phrases of Archbishop Ireland, because this article is being addressed to the American public, to whom the teaching of its illustrious prelate must be familiar, and because the state of thought of those Spanish Catholics to whom I refer, will thus be better understood.

From such Catholics and only from them have emanated attacks and snares against institutions and modern works of education, such as Students' Colonies and University Extension. They have even extended the same attacks to patriotic undertakings, those in favor of peace and culture, such as the establishment of intellectual intercourse with the Spanish-American countries. In all these cases and other similar ones, the irreconcilable passion of those Catholics has been blind to the good in each of such efforts, and has been able to see in them only either a modern tone (for them suspicious), or the non-Catholic significance of the persons who directed these efforts, or who lent their assistance. This attitude of continual hostility and mistrust incapacitates them for many social and educative enterprises in which the co-operation of all men of good-will, no matter what their creed, would find a common field for united work in behalf of the fatherland and humanity. In general, the Spanish Catholics do not accomplish anything positive in a social sense or their work is only apparent and without foundation, and instead of helping in the solution of problems they aggravate and surround them with difficulties for the future.

But it would be a mistake to believe that all the Spanish Catholics possess these characteristics. There are in the same clergy broad spirits, good pupils of Archbishop Ireland, disposed to listen to the voice of the times which calls them to the labor of peace and harmony, and to share in the social movement and advancement that lie outside of the strict limit of a proscribed religion. Some of them entertain new ideas in regard to the change of the present *régime* relative to the budget for the clergy, aiming at economic independence for the Church. Among the laity the sense of tolerance and communion with the ideals of the century are naturally much stronger. In the conservative party, notwithstanding the new course followed by Mr. Maura, many of these modern men are to be found who are sincere Catholics. Referring to the conflict of to-day, a conservative publication of such authority as "*La Epoca*" has written the following:

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"But since daily stirring addresses are sent to the Curia Romana not to compromise, but to adopt as a guide the most captious dignity and the most peevish decorum, to receive with suspicion and distrust any propositions which may be presented to it, and to lay all hopes in a campaign of agitation, with vituperation and threats as weapons of war, we are in duty bound to remind them that there exists a considerable number of Catholics, at least as sincere as they, and whose desires are centering on harmony between the Holy See and the Spanish Government regardless of its political significance."

It commonly happens that modern Catholics inclined to a compromise do not dare to express plainly and energetically their ideas. As a matter of fact, when the occasion for a fight has arrived, most of the time they allow themselves to be controlled by the intransigents for fear of being called "lukewarm," "modernists" and "liberals." This occurs among the laity, and with more reason among the priests, who fear the routine and censure of their colleagues who are averse to any compromise. When some one of them—I am acquainted with more than one case—has dared to share even in some work of culture or of a social character with parties pointed out as remiss in matters religious he has met with such animosity from many of his colleagues that after untold unpleasantness he has been compelled to withdraw.

And it is not that these reconcilable Catholics are unconscious of the wrong path their intransigent colleagues are treading. A very intense Catholic whose knowledge of all kinds of discipline, juridical or literary (and even religious), has saved him often, though not always, from the narrow and petty criticism, told me not long ago, reflecting an aspiration which is perhaps characteristic of many of his co-religionists: "The political solution for Spain would be Don Jaime with the Constitution of 1869—that is, without cassocks." But this he would not dare to say for publication.

The example of Balmes, whose hundredth anniversary Catholics have just celebrated, the one who dared to utter a cry of hope because of the flitting "liberalism" of Pius IX, and whose death was hastened from sorrows caused by the intransigents of his party, is still too fresh in the memories of all for any one of his communion to dare, as he dared with sympathetic sincerity, to express openly his thoughts in favor of concord and broadness of spirit within the same Catholicism.

It is to be regretted that the moderate Catholics to whom

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I refer are lacking in civic courage, or at least that they haven't it to the extent that is necessary, because the social medium in Spain is more favorable than might be thought for the development of tolerance. Many times I have heard foreign visitors (French and Germans) express surprise that in Spain there should exist an institution of learning such as the Ateneo de Madrid whose law of life has been tolerance and freedom of opinion—even in the epochs of the most intolerant and despotic *régimes* of the Government and from the clerical elements—and from the rostrum of which radicals and Catholics, liberals and conservatives discuss their themes without any limitation. This opportunity for peaceful discussion which has not been attained (even by concrete groups of intellectual workers; for instance, the historians) in other countries of Europe is found not only at the Ateneo de Madrid; it exists in other learned institutions, and no one thinks of giving up his membership because another member professes contrary ideas or because in a lecture or discussion his own have been refuted. It is true that in order to avoid friction and dissensions many such societies have written in their by-laws prohibiting discussion of matters "political and religious," but this negative tolerance in other societies has been substituted for a positive one of free expression of all ideas.

Furthermore, in ordinary social life and in the higher circles of men of science and letters, that lack of association, that might be presumed from the spirit of intolerance prevailing in the masses, is not noticed. Cordial friendship exists—often more solid than among co-religionists—between men holding the most opposite ideas in politics and religion; they help each other and even assist in making investigations of their profession, and if the case should arise for the selection of a man for certain work they set aside the narrow judgment by which they would select a man with affinity of ideas even if he was unfit for the case, and look for the right man for the work without regard to his affiliations. To be sure, this occurs only in the highest spheres of intellectuality, and it is met, on the other side, frequently, by a ferocious unyielding, for instance, in the filling of chairs at universities. Nevertheless, the fact exists and is encompassed generally by the most perfect cordiality in private relations even among those who would fight each other on the field of ideal convictions.

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IV

Aside from these harmonious elements, what others are to be found in Spain opposed to the intransigent Catholics? Or, to amplify our query, what is the true position of our people outside of these set currents? That the majority of the Spanish people, the large majority, are still Catholic seems to me unquestionable. But not all are the same kind of Catholics. Guided by a general impression—a circumstantial study of this fact has not been attempted by any one yet—it may be said that the aristocracy, the middle classes and the farmers are as a whole Catholics. The aristocracy in an intense and stiff manner, at least in their external practice; the farmers in a fantastic manner and with great subserviency to the clergy (mainly in the north regions and in Catalonia, as is shown in the present agitation). In the aristocratic homes, in the highest spheres of our social and political life, travellers who have seen the best of the world, and diplomats who refer to it in their talks and writings, have repeatedly mentioned instances of a sense of religious intolerance which has recently manifested itself in connection with a plan for a Protestant Church in Madrid and with the policy of our liberal Government. If not the accuracy, the significance and the relative value of many of the things that are told might be perhaps counterbalanced by others of a contrary sense; but as a whole the impression prevails of the existence, above all, among the ladies of rank of that intransigent spirit to which I have referred.

In the middle classes the women are with few exceptions Catholics, and the majority, seemingly dominated by the clergy, are also fanatic; but examples of a tolerant sense are not lacking and of a clear distinction between what is properly religious and political. Among the men we find all kinds; the indifferent are many, then there are those who do not practise religion and those who do not possess a truly religious soul. This masculine bourgeoisie calls itself "liberal," although we find them of this frame of mind in the conservative party, but the immense majority of these liberals (even among the republicans) avoid being singled out in religious matters; they are afraid to make a show of their true ideas, and in case of a conflict they either vote with the Catholics or follow their practices or support a doctrinaire policy of the "*Juste milieu*," favoring rather

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the reactionaries. Among other facts, this assertion is proven by the two following*: It was a liberal Government (not a conservative one) which reincorporated in college education the religious course, although optional to the student; and those who have authorized or consented to the establishment in Spain of a greater number of religious orders have been also Governments of the liberal party.

The liberals engaged in the present movement seem to wash their hands of some of these sins. It is plainly to be seen that they are disgusted with the tyranny of conscience, the interference of the ecclesiastical powers in civil functions, the theory of the inferiority of the civil power, and the excessive development of the monastic clergy and of its privileges. The whole programme contains, as its principal topics, religious liberty, neutralization of the schools, secularization of cemeteries and the civil marriage. It is just to say that the majority of these opinions are entertained by the republicans, but many monarchists are known to share the same.

In regard to the workmen of the factories and of the mines, socialists, anarchists or non-affiliated are in an overwhelming majority anti-clericals and anti-Catholic, and they also practise their anti-Catholicism in the civil marriage and other manifestations with a thorough civic courage. Many of them are free-thinkers and irreligious in the strict sense of the word. Their present association with the liberals and republicans lends great strength to the policy of the Government. At all events, they are a clearly defined factor which must be taken into consideration in what we might call the religious statistics of Spain.

What will be the end of the present movement? The thing is too complex to be answered in a categorical manner without taking into account the uncertainty of the future.

In the first place, it is proper to ask if the actual resolution of the bourgeois liberals (and, above all, of the monarchists) will be sustained for a long time; and, therefore, if the reported conjunction for that purpose of liberals, republicans, socialists, anarchists, and so forth, will last very long?

In the second place within our political *régime* the atti-

* *Vid.* the article on the "*Psychologie du Liberalisme Espagnol*," in the Parisian weekly "*L'Européen*," by R. Altamira.

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tude of the King must be counted upon. To-day he supports the policy of his Government or at least leaves its hands free without heeding the protests and manifestations of the intransigents. How far will this attitude go? I believe nobody knows at this moment. There should not be overlooked the possible withdrawal of the timid, of the liberals, doctrinaires and of the enemies of exaggeration if the radicals should carry to the extreme their programme, their attacks or exactions on the Government. It should not be forgotten that even the indifferent and the sceptics—especially when they are so, simply by *laisser aller* and by having arrived at their present convictions without any spiritual elaboration—are always near the return to their old beliefs, and if they are probed it will be found that they continue to be at heart necessarily Catholics, and they will become so again if seized by fear of dangers that might be exaggerated before their eyes.

Finally there are the women, with their positive influence in the home, and whom on account of their uncultivated minds it is generally impossible to fight with reason.

There are then as always in the whole problem a series of psychological factors with which we are only partially familiar and which will, therefore, develop unexpected results. For the present we do know that there exists in politics a strong movement which is called anti-clericalism with Catholic intransigent resistance, particularly in certain sections of the country.

Will civil war come? There are those who believe it and those who do not; at least, that it will last long. Some say that should war break out, the army can be counted upon for the defence of liberalism and the dynasty and also that economic interests now existing in many of the regions which formerly supported the insurrection would not act on the same side. Others reply that Carlism is making headway among the military, and that it would find undoubted and sure sympathy in the conservative party if the situation should become complicated by an uprising of the republican party. For many the relative strength of the two factors—New Spain and Old Spain—is a painful riddle and so is the prediction as to which will be triumphant.

But there are many radicals who do not fear the civil war; they wish it. They argue that it is necessary to do away, once for all, with the ghost of an imaginary power

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behind which are shielded those who do not wish any reforms and who present such power constantly as the scarecrow than to provoke whose wrath it were better to remain in *statu quo*. For those who so think the new civil war would be the definite rout of the clericals and Carlists and would clear the political road of an obstacle which is invoked yet by those who seriously do not believe in it. At all events, they add: rather than this danger and continued fear, rather than this fear of advancing so as not to bring about a collision, it is preferable that the collision should be produced, no matter what the results. Let us see once for all if Spain can be a free country or if it is condemned not to be so. If the latter should happen the liberals will learn definitely—if there is anything definite in history—that to live up to their own ideas they must emigrate.

In any event, the war and its solution would prove now, it is supposed, an important factor very different from those in times past. It is known that during the nineteenth century, while England leaned almost always towards liberal Spain, the French Governments, monarchists, imperialists and conservative republicans have helped Carlism. The situation is different to-day in France, while anti-clericalism and international radicalism command a great deal of strength. And it is logical to think that they would help those of Spain in every sense. And there are liberals who still think that it is for the general interests of the modern nations not to consent that Spain emerge from the ambient of the times in which she revolves and remain in the field of modern history an obstacle and a reactionary focus!

Such is the data of the present situation in Spain and of its future. Let every one draw conclusions and make the forecast that his own logic and knowledge of life deduce for him. This will not prevent those destined to be factors in the struggle from acting in conformity to their convictions, whether the future appears to them uncertain or already won.

A Spanish Professor.

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ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM

BY FRANCIS BUTLER THWING

THE friend of Tennyson, to whose inspiration we owe "In Memoriam," was born one hundred years ago on the first day of this month (February, 1811). It is very easy to give the facts of the life of a man who died at the age of twenty-two, no matter how full that life may have been of mental energy and productive ability. The difficulty in the case of Arthur Hallam is to show how the outward circumstances of his life were affected by his inward spiritual power and how these two combined to produce the character which Tennyson has revealed to us. The origin of his genius can be explained by his parentage. His father was Henry Hallam, the historian of the Middle Ages, of the literature of Europe, and of the Constitution of England. His mother was a woman of great mental refinement and spiritual power, the daughter of Sir Abraham Elton of Clevedon Court. Arthur was born in London and grew up there until the age of seven, when he went abroad with his family for the first time. In the days when all travelling had to be done by coach, it was a rare privilege for even the most favored Englishmen to have the best foreign influences come into their lives so early. That Hallam profited by all that he saw and experienced the later development of his genius showed. He had the quality, not unnatural in the son of a great historian, of gathering in to himself the best of the influences of the past ages with which travel brought him into contact and of allowing those influences to sweeten and ennoble his life. In the preface to the "Remains in Verse and Prose of Arthur Henry Hallam," which his father printed for private circulation after his death, the historian is justly reticent in speaking of his son's astonishing mental powers during his early years. In this article, also, it is difficult to avoid giving the impression that Arthur

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was a mere precocious youth with all the absurd accompaniments of abnormal mental development. But his parents and the friends who knew him as a child seem to have been struck with his friendliness and lovableness even more than with the powers of his intellect. It was not primarily his mind which attracted his boyhood friends to him and "the men of rathe and riper years," but his charm of personality, the undeviating good nature and sweetness of his disposition.

Hallam's school was Eton. He entered at the age of eleven in October, 1822, and was placed in the house of the Rev. E. C. Hawtrey, later Head Master of the school. Gladstone had come up a year before him. Although there was a difference of two years in their ages, they were constant companions for the five years of their school life. In Gladstone's diary, parts of which are published in Morley's "Life,"* are frequent entries like the following:

"November 13th (1826). Play. Breakfast with Hallam. Read a little 'Clarendon.' Read over tenth 'Satire of Juvenal.' Did a few verses.

"November 21st. Holiday. Read 'Herodotus.' Breakfasted with Gaskell. He and Hallam drank wine with me after four. Walked with Hallam.

"June 26th (1827). Wrote over theme. Read 'Iphigénie.' Called up in Homer. Sculled Hallam to Surly after six. Went to see a cricket match after four."

But far stronger evidence than this schoolboy diary of the intimacy of their acquaintance is the memory which Gladstone retained of him to the end of his life. Only a short time before Gladstone's death he wrote of Hallam:

"He enjoyed work, enjoyed society; and games, which he did not enjoy, he contentedly left aside. His temper was as sweet as his manners were winning. His conduct was without a spot or even a speck. He was that rare and blessed creature *anima naturaliter Christiana*. He read largely, and though not superficial, yet with an extraordinary speed. He had no high or exclusive ways."

During Hallam's years at Eton he made rapid progress in his school work. Gladstone said that when he left he was, in the broadest sense, the best scholar of the school. His outside intellectual interests were many. During his school life he read Italian, the old English dramatists and Shakespeare with the greatest enjoyment. At fourteen, as a voluntary school exercise, he translated Dante's "*Ugolino*" into Greek iambics. Of the original English verse

* Morley's "Life of Gladstone," Vol. I, p. 42.

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of his school days the best and distinctly the most interesting piece bears the title "To My Bosom Friend," who is, of course, Gladstone. The whole poem, of some forty lines, shows remarkable depth of feeling and appreciation of spiritual truth. He has been separated from Gladstone in vacation:

> "Like a bright, singular dream
> Is parted from me that strong sense of love,
> Which, as one indivisible glory, lay
> On both our souls, and dwelt in us so far
> As we did dwell in it."

Lines like these seem to presage his later interest in metaphysics:

> "Deep firmament, which art a voice of God,
> Speak in thy mystic accents, speak yet once:
> For thou hast spoken, and in such clear tone,
> That still the sweetness murmurs through my soul."

But with all of Hallam's interest in Sophocles and Dante, his main enjoyment was in the society of his friends. A brilliant group they were, only less renowned than the circle at Cambridge which he was soon to join. Besides Gladstone there was James Milnes Gaskell, later M.P., "a youth endowed with precocious ripeness of political faculty, an enthusiast and with a vivacious humor that enthusiasts often miss," of whom they used to say that his first cry on entering the world had been "Hear! hear!" In the room next to Hallaw's at Hawtrey's lived Gerald Wellesley, afterwards Dean of Windsor and ecclesiastical adviser to the Queen. Francis Doyle, afterwards Sir Francis, was of the group, a boy with perhaps the finest poetical ability of them all, and George Selwyn, who later became Bishop of New Zealand. These and a few others were the inheritors of a debating society which had been founded in 1811 and which Gaskell, by his enthusiasm and energy, had rescued from a premature death. In this society, which still exists at Eton, the boys discussed political questions with precocious ardor and seriousness. In the midst of long accounts from the minutes of debates on Charles I, Hampden and Clarendon, it is refreshing to find it recorded that on one occasion "Mr. Hallam" was, by vote of the House, expelled from the room for throwing a piece of orange-peel at "Mr. Gladstone"; and we are also glad to know from Gladstone's diary that the group would sometimes take an afternoon

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from their politics and their Greek and go "to Salt Hill to eat toasted cheese, drink egg-wine, and bully the fat waiter."

Hallam left Eton in the summer of 1827, six months before Gladstone, and went to the Continent for eight months of travel with his family before entering college. Gladstone believed that it was due to this interruption that he did not attain greater eminence in the specialized branches of study at Cambridge during the next three years. Certain it is, however, that during these eight months in Italy and Switzerland he was growing day by day, not alone in power and knowledge, but in reverence and charity, and that he was planting the seeds for the life of still greater moral richness which was to come. His work in literature was the perfecting of his knowledge of Italian; he could now speak it fluently, and during the summer he wrote a number of Italian sonnets, six of which are given in the "Remains." Perhaps one example of his English poetry, four lines from a "Meditative Fragment" in blank verse, will be sufficient to show the religious cast of his mind in his eighteenth year:

> "Let us not mar the glimpses of pure beauty
> Now streaming in like moonlight with the fears,
> The joys, the hurried thoughts that rise and fall
> To the hot pulses of a mortal heart."

The moral earnestness of lines like these cannot be mistaken. In thought they seem to anticipate Matthew Arnold's "Self-Dependence":

> "And with joy the stars perform their shining
> And the sea its long, moon-silvered roll,
> For self poised they live, nor pine with noting
> All the fever of some differing soul."

Practically all of Hallam's poetry is subjective and most of it is metaphysical. Judged as poetry, it has all the defects of these limitations; but in so far as it expresses the philosophic and religious faith of his nature and his desire to look into the heart of the great mysteries of life, it commands our admiration. It enables us to understand in some degree the character of the man whom Tennyson loved.

With springs of the best in Greek, Italian, and English poetry welling up in his soul, with a heart truly set on the highest which life had to offer him, Hallam came up to Trinity College, Cambridge, in the autumn of 1828. Charles and Alfred Tennyson had entered in the same term. It

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was now for the first time that the two men who were to form a friendship so full of meaning to future generations became acquainted. The undergraduate life of both Hallam and Tennyson centred about that remarkable group of men who had been dubbed in the University the "Apostles." The society had been founded in 1820 by a number of men who were dissatisfied with the opportunities furnished by the University for the study of moral philosophy and the literature of the time; the requirements for admission to the club were literary talent and philosophical power; and all the members were endowed with no small degree of personal charm. Frederick Denison Maurice and John Sterling, since immortalized by Carlyle, had been members just before Hallam came to Cambridge. Contemporary with Hallam and Tennyson were a number of men who almost without an exception rose to eminence in the nineteenth century. Among them were Richard Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, poet, politician and *littérateur;* Richard Chenevix Trench, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin; James Spedding, author of the "Life of Bacon," to whom Tennyson wrote the lines "To J. S."; Charles Merivale, the historian; and Charles Buller, who had just been under the tutorship of Carlyle in Scotland. It is an interesting and curious fact that Buller, who had been Carlyle's pupil for nearly two years and who should have been the bearer of Carlyle's idealism into the circle, was the only one of the group who had distinct materialistic tendencies. His later work in the House of Commons and as a leader in the movement of utilitarianism and radicalism headed by John Stuart Mill was notable. The meetings of the "Apostles" were held at stated intervals in the rooms of the members in turn. An essay on a philosophical or literary subject was usually read and a general discussion by all the members followed. The present Lord Tennyson, in his "Memoir" of his father, has mentioned some of the questions which used to be debated.* (1) "Have Shelley's poems an immoral tendency?" (2) "Is an intelligible First Cause deducible from the phenomena of the universe?" (3) "Is there any rule of moral action beyond general expediency?" It was in the midst of this society that the genius of Arthur Hallam developed to the full. He read much, though not always in the prescribed lines, thought

* Vol. I, p. 44, note.

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much, wrote much. Social by nature, and having not over-exact methods of work, he was usually to be found in a friend's room talking or reading. All who have written of him at this time have spoken of the quickness and acuteness with which he grasped the most abstruse metaphysical problems. The bent of his mind was always religious. Underlying all his thought, even during the occasional black moods which came to him as to Tennyson during those early days, was a deep and strong faith in the personal power and love of God. Among his Cambridge papers the present Lord Tennyson found the following sentence on prayer:*

"With respect to prayer, you ask how I am to distinguish the operations of God in me from motions in my own heart? Why should you distinguish them or how do you know there is any distinction? Is God less God because He acts by general laws when He deals with the common elements of nature? That fatal mistake which has embarrassed the philosophy of mind with infinite confusion, the mistake of setting value on a thing's origin rather than on its character, of assuming that composite must be less excellent than simple, has not been slow to extend its deleterious influence over practical religion."

At another time of the relation between the Divine and man he said, "Unless the heart of a created being is at one with the heart of God, it cannot but be miserable."

Of the ennobling and vivifying intellectual life of those days at Cambridge, and of Hallam's supremacy in the intellectual circle of his comrades, Tennyson has spoken in "In Memoriam":†

"Where once we held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
And labor, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land;

"When one would aim an arrow fair,
But send it slackly from the string;
And one would pierce an outer ring
And one an inner, here and there;

"And last the master-bowman, he
Would cleave the mark. A willing ear
We lent him. Who but hung to hear
The rapt oration flowing free

"From point to point, with power and grace
And music in the bounds of law,
To those conclusions when we saw
The God within him light his face,

* "Memoir," Vol. I, p. 44.
† Elegy LXXXVII.

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"And seem to lift the form, and glow
In azure orbits heavenly-wise;
And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo."

But the interests of the "Apostles" were not limited to religion and philosophy. In the Long Vacation of 1830 Hallam and Tennyson and others of the "Apostles" who were always ready to help in a good cause, however hopeless it might seem, went to the Pyrenees with money and supplies for Torrijos, the leader in a democratic revolt against Ferdinand of Spain. The Cambridge men met Torrijos and his fellow conspirators on the Spanish border, delivered their messages and with few adventures came home, to the great relief of their parents. When the insurrection was put down in the following year a number of Englishmen were captured with the outlaws and suffered death. No Cambridge undergraduates were among them, although it was reported for a time that John Mitchell Kemble, an "Apostle," was to stand trial for his life. It was of this Spanish expedition that Tennyson was thinking more than thirty years later, when he wrote "In the Valley of the Cauteretz":

"All along the valley, stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,
All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
I walk'd with one I loved two-and-thirty years ago.
All along the valley, while I walk'd to-day,
The two-and-thirty years were a mist that rolls away;
For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,
Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,
And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me."

In the meantime Hallam had been doing work for important College and University prizes. In 1829, when Tennyson won the Chancellor's Medal with his "Timbuctoo," Hallam offered a poem on the same subject; Monckton Milnes was also among the defeated. The summer after the result had been announced, when Tennyson was engaged in writing the poems which appeared the next year, Hallam wrote to Gladstone: "I consider Tennyson as promising fair to be the greatest poet of our generation, perhaps of our century." In 1831 the first college prize for a declamation on the conduct of the Independent party during the Civil War was given to Hallam. This victory made it necessary for him to deliver an oration in the college

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chapel before the Christmas vacation of the same year. He chose as a subject "The Influence of Italian upon English Literature," and as might have been expected from a poet who was so thoroughly versed in the languages of both countries, wrote an essay of insight and imagination. Another prize essay was on the "Philosophical Writings of Cicero"; and later still he wrote a skilful and vigorous reply to Professor Rossetti's "*Disquisizioni sullo Spirito Antipapale,*" in which he defended his beloved Dante and Petrarch against a well-meant but warped criticism. In the "Englishman's Magazine" for August, 1831, appeared his article "On Some of the Characteristics of Modern Poetry and on the Lyrical Poems of Alfred Tennyson." It was a review of Tennyson's first important volume, "Poems, chiefly Lyrical." The essay is remarkable because of the insight which Hallam showed into the lasting characteristics of his friend's poetry. In his praise he not only anticipated the judgment of the public, which was reserved for the 1842 volumes, but he marked the very qualities which later generations have recognized as peculiarly Tennysonian. The following passage, which was written when Hallam was but nineteen years old, is illustrative of the character of the essay:

"The volume of 'Poems, chiefly Lyrical' does not contain above 154 pages, but it shows us much more of the character of its parent mind than many books we have known of much larger compass and more boastful pretensions. The features of original genius are clearly and strongly marked. The author imitates nobody; we recognize the spirit of his age, but not the individual form of this or that writer. His thoughts bear no more resemblance to Byron or Scott, Shelley or Coleridge, than to Homer or Calderon, Ferdusi or Calidas. We have remarked five distinctive excellencies of his own manner. First, his luxuriance of imagination and at the same time his control over it. Secondly, his power of embodying himself in ideal characters, or rather moods of character, with such extreme accuracy of adjustment that the circumstances of the narration seem to have a natural correspondence with the predominant feeling, and, as it were, to be evolved from it by assimilative force. Thirdly, his vivid, picturesque delineation of objects and the peculiar skill with which he holds all of them *fused,* to borrow a metaphor from science, in a medium of strong emotion. Fourthly, the variety of his lyrical measures and exquisite modulation of harmonious words and cadences to the swell and fall of the feelings expressed. Fifthly, the elevated habits of thought *implied* in these compositions and imparting a mellow soberness of tone more impressive to our minds than if the author had drawn up a set of opinions in verse and thought to instruct the understanding rather than to communicate the love of beauty to the heart."

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In the summer of 1832, after Hallam had left Cambridge and had gone down to London to read law, his engagement to Tennyson's sister Emily was announced. The visits to the rectory at Somersby, of which Tennyson speaks in Elegy LXXXIX of "In Memoriam," continued for a year. In August, 1833, he left England for the last time and went with his father for a trip in Germany and Austria. As a child some anxiety had been felt for his health. At Eton, Gladstone often noticed that when he had been kept indoors in the afternoon by some required school work there was a "deep rosy flush upon his cheeks reaching to the eyes, a significant if slight mark of his coming doom." During the winter of 1832-33, however, he had been in very good spirits and seemed to his friends much stronger than usual. A slight attack of influenza in the spring of 1833 had made Mr. Hallam decide that he should have a vacation abroad, but no anxiety was felt as to his condition. His last letter to Tennyson, filled with boyish praise of the pictures in the Vienna gallery, was dated September 6th, 1833. A week afterwards a wet day, coinciding with a trip back from Budapest to Vienna, brought on a slight fever; but it was apparently going away when "a sudden rush of blood to the head put an instantaneous end to his life on the 15th of September, 1833." Sir Francis Doyle in his "Reminiscences" adds that Mr. Hallam came in from a walk and sat down at his desk to write. Arthur was lying on the sofa apparently asleep. He was so still that his father got up to see what was the matter, and found that all was over.

Arthur Hallam was twenty-two years old when he died. Many conjectures have been made as to what he would have become had Fate spared him. Tennyson said: "He would have been known, if he had lived, as a great man, but not as a great poet; he was as near perfection as mortal man could be." The author of "Rab and His Friends" concurs in this opinion with perhaps the most striking words which have been said about Hallam by any one who did not know him personally:

"We agree entirely with his father's estimate of his poetical gift and art; but his mind was too serious, too thoughtful, too intensely dedicated to truth and the God of truth to linger long in the pursuit of beauty; he was on his way to God and could rest in nothing short of Him, otherwise he might have been a poet of genuine excellence."

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More than sixty years after his death Gladstone wrote of him:

"It is the simple truth that Arthur Henry Hallam was a spirit so exceptional that everything with which he was brought into relation during his shortened passage through this world came to be, through that contact, glorified by a touch of the ideal. He resembled a passing emanation from some other and less darkly checkered world."

Two stanzas by Lord Houghton, written in 1854, reveal still more to us of the depths of his character and of the lasting influence he had over the lives of those who knew him:

TO A. H. H.

"Thou gleaner of the sunny hours
Harvested in the home of God,
Gild me the future summer's hours,
Revive the present ice-bound sod!

"Thou gleaner from the darkest hours
Of scattered good I cannot see,
Preserve thy dear remedial powers,
And shed them, as I need, o'er me!"

Hallam was not with us very long. While he did live he was loved by his friends for his poetical ability, his charm of personality, his mental power, but, above all, for his moral maturity. Great as his intellect was, it was transcended by his gift of friendship, his ability to identify himself with others. He stands in direct relation to us today not only through "In Memoriam," but as a soul who has inherited all the best moral traditions of the past and has handed them down to us increased in richness and beauty.

"And hath that early hope been blessed with truth?
Hath he fulfilled the promise of his youth,
And borne unscathed through danger's stormy field
Virtue's white wreath and honor's stainless shield?"*

We feel that his work has not been in vain. And now one hundred years from the day of his birth we come to lay upon his tomb our meed of gratitude and love.

* Harrow Prize Poem: W. J. Hope-Edwards.

FRANCIS BUTLER THWING.

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WANTED: CHURCH STATESMANSHIP

BY THE REV. NEWMAN SMYTH

In a company of English Churchmen the remark was recently made that the established Church of England is at present in a state of unstable equilibrium. With equal truth the same observation might be made of all existing ecclesiastical orders. But in religious as in political history a condition of unstable equilibrium is not necessarily an indication of approaching dissolution; it may be the antecedent of a more excellent reconstruction. Such a critical time alike in Church or State calls for statesmanship equal to its opportunity.

It is one of those frequent coincidences, or parallel developments in history, which are suggestive of some large, strategic Providence, that while the times are preparing a people for some great change the men also are in the making for the eventful hour. It is, therefore, a question of present concern whether the Church has in training men who shall appear as chosen leaders in the coming day. For the signs of another age are already above the horizon; and it is evident that if Christianity is not to lose mastery in the life of the people, it must rise clear of existing divisions and sectarian confusions; and the question is becoming urgent, are there men of light and leading in its different communions great enough to put behind them mere ecclesiastical policies, and prophetic enough to discern and to master the forces which are gathering and waiting to be organized in a catholic and puissant Christianity?

At the threshold of the coming era of the greater Christianity lies the old, worn question of the reunion of Christendom. Its solution cannot be much longer postponed if the Christ who conquered the old world that crucified Him is indeed to become Master of the modern nations that would pass Him by. Above all, in the English-speaking race, with

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its large responsibility for civilization throughout the world, it is high time that the internecine conflict of the Churches should be ended; for it is clear that a whole Church is demanded for the whole world; and the world-wide work of Christian civilization cannot be accomplished by a disorganized religion, wasting its energies in a struggle for existence between its parts. In our own country and in England, until the several ecclesiastical cells and organs shall be brought into some vital working unity, it will continue to be impossible for the Church, when confronted with any moral issue, to represent the religious power in its totality, and it will remain an idle assumption to speak of a really national or an American Church.

When one looks for signs of religious statesmanship among the churches, there are certain quarters in which the search is in vain. Nothing, for example, may be expected from an isolated individualism or a rarefied liberalism. Life requires universal and positive air. The people may show, indeed, little thirst for spiritual truth, but they hunger for a religion of social equity; and a hard, crystallized individualism in religious beliefs is not easily soluble in a social Gospel. Nor is a negative liberalism or "undenominationalism" to be regarded as in itself catholicity; that is, comprehensive of positive vitalities and faiths. In the progressive development of one's personal creed there are three possible degrees of excellence: the positive may be some inherited or traditional belief, the comparative virtue may be a more liberal doctrine, but the superlative excellence is catholicity—that large-minded and full-orbed faith, of which in its rich possession of the historic life and creeds of the Church it may be said, "All things are yours." Religion in New England had its early period of orthodox dogmatism, and it has been passing through its consequent reactionary period of liberalism; neither of these stages of development reaches the culminating epoch of historical comprehension, of intellectual and spiritual fellowship in the faith of all the saints—the harvest season from many white fields.

If on the one hand no strong note of leadership may be expected from mere theological liberalism, on the other hand no rallying call for different Christian communions can come from Churchmen of the uniformitarian type in whatever Church they may seek to prevail. There are such

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Churchmen in every denomination, differing widely in their exclusive theories of the Church and its offices, but alike in this that they would reduce Christianity to the minimum terms of their own ecclesiastical tradition. This uniformitarian kind of Churchmanship betrays the same mental habit and limitation wherever it may be found; not infrequently it marks the arrested development of young clerics. It were easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for this denominationalist to enter into the kingdom of a united Christianity. Even when the Christian sentiment of a whole community is stirred by the visitation of a high ideal of united service, as the Pool of Bethesda was troubled by an angel, the uniformitarian Churchman seems impotent to throw himself into the movement to be cured of his long-standing sectarian infirmity.

Even more inefficient than these extreme dispositions is a common attitude which may be broadly characterized as a pseudo-practical habit of mind. It is, of course, practical to seek to do what can be done to-day; but it is a false and barren practicality not to include some ideal in every day's work. Now just this common regard for that only which seems to be immediately practical is largely responsible for the religious and moral inertia which postpones to the millennium many things which right-minded people might begin to get done now on the earth. But the practical idealist holds it to be an essential element of the Christian faith to believe that the thing which ought to be is the thing that can be done, and consequently he holds it to be an integral part of religious duty for the Christian Church to work every day to have the right things done.

There are two assumptions from which the pressing problem of Church unity may be approached; one is that real unity is an impossible vision, and therefore we must make the best of our divisions. The other is that real unity is not a hopeless problem, and therefore we should make the least of our divisions. There are also two prevalent states of feeling in this matter; one is the disposition to hold fast all that we have received; the other is willingness to sacrifice all that we can. But the duty to be fulfilled is a double service in which these conflicting sentiments may limit and correct each other; for it is the Christian obligation both of giving and of receiving whatsoever things in all the churches are true and of good report. The sectarian spirit

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is more willing to give than to receive, but in the spirit of unity all Christian bodies are alike to give and to receive, and no one merely to give up to another.

The practical man, who can have some clear vision of better things to come, although he would not be a visionary, may raise at this point the pertinent inquiry, what is there in present conditions to create or to encourage any such statesmanship, to make men believe enough in Church unity really to work for it as something that may be brought to pass possibly in our generation? It might be inspiring answer enough to quote words which an honored leader of the Episcopal Church, who had worked for over a quarter of a century for the peace of the churches, the late Dr. Huntington of New York, wrote in a letter shortly before his death: "We may well be content if in the opening years of this century we may have any part in a movement which is sure to triumph before its close." Many tendencies from different quarters converge towards this conclusion. It is true that in almost every generation since the Protestant Reformation laudable efforts have been made to heal the lamentable divisions of Christendom, and all have failed. Political causes, the dominant relation of the State to the Church, and consequent persecutions, as well as dogmatic controversies, in the storm and passion of the times silenced these irenic voices and left on the Church, together with our priceless heritage of liberty, the seams and the scars of the conflict. But these divisions are now anachronisms, obstinately persistent in many quarters, it may be, but they are not the living sentiments, potential for the future, actuating now the great mass of Christian people. The political causes of ecclesiastical strife in this country at least have long since ceased to exist. The field is open for the Church to show its united strength. In a free country, in a democratic age, unity and administrative organization no longer expose the Church to any appreciable peril of another imperial hierarchy. The harbingers of the peace of the churches, whose sweet notes in other days were sung too soon, have now their hour in the dawn of this century of the greater Christian faith and hope.

Besides the rising tide of Christian sentiment, which is submerging all along the shore the rocks and shoals upon which previous efforts to gain Church unity have been wrecked, the universities, where scholars of all denomina-

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tions are met, are making notable contributions to the unification of the churches. Sharply divisive theories, for example, of the Church and its ministry, such as the Tractarian theory of sole Apostolic succession, or the equally high Presbyterian and Congregational claims of the Apostolic sufficiency of their favorite polities, are undermined and carried away in the prevalence of modern critical and historical studies of the origins and development of Christian institutions. The partisan claimant of an exclusive Divine authority for his Church order would be hard put to it to gain standing in the supreme court of modern Biblical and historical scholarship. Different theories concerning the origin of the Church, forms of worship, or orders of the ministry, which may be logically antithetic, are not necessarily vital incompatibles, or incapable of assimilation in a comprehensive charity. The various modes and temperaments which may be indicated by the several Church designations are diversities which may be conserved in a rich unity. The break between them has resulted because the special character or excellence indicated by the Church adjective has been hardened into a substantial *ism;* it is not the special part or organ of the whole body of Christ's Church which is indicated by the words the Congregation, the Presbytery or the Episcopate, but it is Congregational*ism,* Presbyterian*ism,* Episcopalian*ism*—in each case the *ism* of it—which has become in its claim of exclusive authority from Christ and His Apostles unhistorical, unapostolic and un-Christian.

A great force which has to be reckoned with in any present religious leadership is the student's movement and its increasing volume of consecrated power. Notably also the world's missionary conference, recently held in Edinburgh, was a sign of the new age written so large that it would seem that only one born ecclesiastically blind could fail to see it. And all around the churches in every community there exists much undeclared, unorganized and often unconscious religious feeling and energy, especially among the young, waiting to be called forth by a leadership large and noble enough to inspire its utmost devotion.

Not to mention in detail other encouraging indications, a single memory, and its suggestion for our purpose, may be enough to set aside any inert unbelief in the possibility of doing away with the shameful divisions of our churches,

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whenever we really set about it. Those who were born early enough will have a vivid recollection of the party divisions, commercial hesitancy and seemingly irreconcilable differences of opinion which prevailed in the North just before the outbreak of the Civil War. And they will also remember, as though it were but yesterday, that eventful morning when the news that Fort Sumter had been fired upon made in a moment a solid North. With such memories, it is easy to believe that in the Church as well as in the State seemingly irreconcilable differences might be fused and welded as one religious patriotism in the flame of some glorious consecration. Suppose then that some supreme occasion, as commanding as was that call to a people by the firing upon its flag, should summon the churches at once to forget their strife and to obey the Lord's word that they be one;—is there any doubt what the response would be? It would be done so quickly that men might wonder why it had not been done long before.

The analogy from our national history may be carried still farther. It may serve also to allay the fear, still entertained by some, that any movement towards substantial Church unity would issue in another hierarchical autocracy, like Roman Catholicism, rather than press on towards the ideal of the true Catholicism, which, like the Jerusalem which is from above, shall be free. They forget in such inherited Protestant apprehension that Roman Catholicism was a development of the Church in the mould of the imperialism of the times; the Catholicism of the future, the Holy Catholic Church, in which there are many folds, is developing in the mould of democratic constitutionalism. Here our national unity is illuminative. The Union, which was created and saved at so great cost, has become indeed a nation, but it has not destroyed democracy. Home rule is not lost, State rights are conserved under a strong Federal unity. Why should the churches be less able to preserve their local autonomy and spiritual freedom, though they should similarly be bound together and in their federated totality have power for all good, extending to the missionary ends of the world, which singly and in their wasteful competitions they can never exercise? Or must we confess to the end of the chapter that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light?

When we acknowledge that reunion of the churches is a

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practical problem and inquire what we may begin to do about it, it will be well to recall the military distinction between strategy and tactics; for in this advance of the churches both are to be regarded—the grand strategy of faith, comprehensive in its plan as it is single in its aim; and the tactics of each day's effort, studious of details and quick to seize upon any point of vantage.

In the broad, strategic ideal it is evident that nothing less than full intercommunion between all Christian churches, and nothing short of economic and efficient administrative organization can meet the religious demand of modern civilization. For ours is not merely the age of democracy; it is the dawn of a new era of social co-operation. If individualism is not to be swamped in some devastating flood of socialism, it will be because the individual shall be saved in a Christian fellowship and co-working. For purposes of co-operation a federation of churches, like "a gentleman's agreement" not to compete with one another in the same field, may be provisionally useful in many localities; but a fast and loose series of dissolving combinations offers no permanent solution either of the economic or religious problems. The ideal of Church unity—the strategic plan—is comprehension of diversities; not uniformity, but conformity of one to another and of all the members together in a common service, as one body doing and getting done the Lord's will on the earth.

It needs to be repeated, until misunderstandings shall cease, that this plan does not mean the swallowing-up of one church by another; that it is not uniformity, but unity. A socialistic Church uniformity would not fulfil the ideal of one Christian society. It would be a contradiction of human nature to seek to reduce the churches to a single selected type, as it is a denial of the real Apostolic succession—of the actual historical continuity of the whole body of believers which is the Church—to assert of any one organ or special function or part of it that it alone bears the mark and is essential to the integrity of the true Church. Its continuity and authority have been and are in the life of the Christian society as a whole; the wholeness of the Church is resident in the body of believers. Now it is just this wholeness of the Church which needs to be rendered visible and realized in practice; and the essential sin of schism lies in any assumption which prevents the wholeness of the

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Church from being realized in practice; it will fail of perfect visibility until in any of our cities it may be said of every Christian cause and good work, as it was said in Apostolic days, "Being brought on their way by the Church" in Antioch.

We turn, then, to inquire what tactics may be at present available in this great forward movement? Some immediate efforts are suggested as practical steps when it is once clearly seen that the end directly in view is not merely to manifest the unity which may exist to some extent outside the churches, but to bring to effective realization the unity which is within all the churches. For the unity is already there in principle and in the historic life of Christianity; the problem is to bring it out into actual, unmistakable visibility and to render it the effective force of the Christian faith in the world.

Two tactical measures in particular are suggested by present conditions. One, and that hitherto most in favor, is interdenominational approach along the lines of least resistance. Federation of Christian men and women outside their different Church relations for service in various ways and other means of fellowship in good works are desirable; only these and all similar approaches are to be regarded as way-stations and not as the terminal of Church reunion. Encouraging and helpful for further advances as are the gains already won at such points, they are as yet but minor successes in comparison with the greater work of faith to be achieved in overcoming the two chief schisms which have been received as our unhappy inheritance from the past — the great gulf between the Roman Church and all Protestant communions, and the isolation from each other of the Episcopal and the non-Episcopal churches. Hence the other tactical method just suggested would lead to attack upon the problem where the resistance is strongest, and to all possible concentration of the forces of Christian love at the points of greatest importance. For whatever gratifying successes may be gained along other lines they will be at best but preparatory gains, and the final issue will not be achieved until these outstanding and most formidable divisions of Christendom shall have been providentially overcome.

The final reconciliation between Rome and Protestantism lies as a hope beneath our present horizon; the Modernist

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movement, forbidden but not suppressed by the Vatican, may open the way to some future approximation between a Roman Catholicism, reformed from within, and the Protestant world; but, leaving this outlying issue to some larger Providence than we may know, there is enough within sight and hope to be done in hastening to its end the internecine conflict among the heirs of the Reformation. The last Pan-Anglican Conference in London lifted up the true idea of Church unity in these words, "Not compromise, but comprehension; not uniformity, but unity." This is a rallying-flag around which we all may gather; no better call and watchword for all the churches could be given. The same conference took a practical step in the right way when they recommended that conferences between different Christian bodies be held for the purpose of mutual understanding. Such conferences concerning even the most traditionally obstinate differences have already been found to have in them surprises of conciliation. For such hopeful issue, indeed, there is no further use either for the religious paper that lives by its denominationalism, or for the polemical divine who stands ready at the slightest provocation to fire off his resounding ammunition. The times are ripe for concessive rather than controversial discussion of all differences between Christian bodies of every name. The controversial divinity of the past may well be left to bury its dead by the Church that would obey the Master's word and follow Him into the future.

In this spirit conscientious difficulties about the creeds are to be surmounted. Concerning the use of creeds, two things, which are often confused, should be distinguished. How much of the historic faith of the Church an individual communicant may be asked to confess is one thing; what the Church has to confess to him is another thing. The least measure of faith may be enough for an individual to bring to the altar, but the Church has to receive him into the full fellowship of the faith of all the saints. Its historic creeds mark the continuity and the development of its faith throughout the Christian ages. It would not bind them as fetters upon this generation; it holds them aloft as banners. The historic creeds are symbols of its faith. They serve to declare what has been the mind of the Church from age to age. Taken all together, they mark the way of the development and adaptation of the faith in the ever-changing con-

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ditions of human knowledge and thought from the beginning until now. They are standards of doctrine, like the several corps colors of one army; they are not to be held as though they were fortified walls of hostile camps. The historic creeds are made obstructive and divisive only when they are enforced verbally as legal contracts, rather than confessed religiously as the individual's part and heritage in a goodly fellowship. They cannot, indeed, be held honestly by many if they are to be interpreted in the strict construction which a court would require of the criminal law; we may accept them as a common ground of co-operative faith when it is made clear that we receive them as embodying great constitutional principles of the Church, by no means perfect or the end of all wisdom, and needing to be adapted to the knowledge and life of each succeeding age. This is only to hold both that the living Church is the loyal heir of its whole past, and also that it cannot be bound forever by the dead man's hand.

Attempts which occasionally have been made to escape modern creedal difficulties by some short cut, as, for example, through some simple new creed, usually have reached slight success; they are apt to end either in some meaningless phrase or else in their partial selection of received truths, by the very emphasis thus put upon them, to provoke assertion of other truths which have been omitted. The task which the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland are now laboring over of formulating articles of doctrinal agreement, might seem more easily to be accomplished if both bodies were content to affirm their line of common descent as marked by the ancient and the later Protestant creeds. The one historic Church has had many creeds, but it is one flock in these many folds. Since the Apostle Peter's first personal confession of faith it has never been a creedless Church; it has too positive and vital a gospel to survive in our day upon thin platitudes and negations. But in the frank and full recognition of the principles of development, of symbolic expression, and of ever-fresh interpretative adaptation of beliefs to the thought of the age, the unity of the teaching Church and the fellowship of faith are to be preserved until faith shall pass into perfect knowledge.

Moreover, concessive conferences, such as the Anglican Bishops have recommended, may render it in time quite possible to discover a way around or over the chief cause of

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separation between the Episcopal and all other Protestant communions—the isolation of their pulpits. When it shall be generally recognized that this wall of separation is built upon theoretical grounds, some practical means of removing this cause of offence may become possible. We have marked time full long enough before this obvious obstacle, that high sacerdotal and low Congregational theories as to valid ordination are antagonistic and as theories of the ministry irreconcilable; but it does not follow, and it is too lightly assumed, that those who would hold fast to either of these extreme theories can find in fact no common ground upon which they may exercise a mutually recognized ministry. There are, indeed, some historical precedents, too long overlooked, which upon full concessive consideration may indicate ways in which this incongruity of theories of the orders of the ministry, and of what is to be required for regular ordination, may be brought to some satisfactory solution, if at least Christian reasonableness on all sides does not fail in the discussion. But so long as the sacerdotal Churchman, on the one hand, maintains as binding upon all of us his theory of Apostolic authority, and, on the other hand, the independent Puritan stands fast glorying in his theory of the autonomy of the local church, as in itself all-sufficient, each dogmatizing against the other, and both forgetting that neither Peter nor Paul had anything to say explicitly about the high church ideas of either of them; then the present irritating and deplorable separation of ministries, alike approved by their fruits, but without recognition of each other, might be kept up until its day of judgment shall come.

Without entering here into detail as to these precedents and possibilities of reconciliation, it may prove a surprise to many to indicate how slight are the mutual sacrifices which may be required to find a basis in practice for this most desirable reconciliation. Indeed, not to offer other suggestions, the alteration of a single word in the alternative form of the Episcopal Ordinal might enable a Congregational clergyman without self-stultification or denial of his previous ordination vows to accept the additional consecration of a Bishop together with such additional jurisdiction as it might confer. The alteration merely of the word "*the*" to "*this*" in the essential clause of the form of ordination, "Take thou authority to execute the office of a Priest in

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the Church of God," would open a straight, though narrow, way through this difficulty. The addition of a single word to the creed was enough to determine the great schism in the ancient Church between the East and the West. Shall the difference between two letters of one word prove enough to keep apart the English mother Church and all her dissenting children?

The recent simultaneous action of two large religious bodies in this country has great promise for the coming unity of the Church. The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which was held in Cincinnati in October last, appointed a large and representative Commission to arrange as the "next step towards unity" for a conference of Christian communions throughout the world. At the same time the National Council of the Congregational Churches in Boston appointed a committee, as their representatives, to consider any overtures that might come to them from the Episcopal Church. The noble language in which the call of the Episcopal Church to other Christian communions is conceived, as well as the spontaneous response at the same time by the Congregationalists—the two messages passing each other on the way — lift the whole movement up to a high plane of endeavor, while the work of the Commission will at once give to it definite efficiency and practical aim. Time will be needed; but with statesmanlike wisdom and patient persistence on the part of representatives of the churches in the proposed conferences a beginning of the end of the divisions of the one Church may be made, and the Christian people of the world be providentially led on and on to happier issues than a year ago any of us might have dared to hope.

NEWMAN SMYTH.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

PHILOSOPHY

THE DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGION: A STUDY IN ANTHROPOLOGY AND SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY. By IRVING KING, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1910.

THIS is by all odds the most important work in religious psychology that has appeared since "Varieties of Religious Experience." To compare it with James's brilliant essay would, indeed, be unfortunate. It has nothing of the romantic charm, variety and delicacy of observation or imaginative daring with which he unfailingly delights us. It will never hold a reader who is not interested in the subject for its own sake. The whole performance is perfectly sober and prosaic and much of it is undeniably dry. Yet it is not without a distinct attractiveness of its own. The style is admirably modest and sincere, the illustrations are excellently chosen, and the arrangement of the material is straightforward and easily followed. The account which we shall give of its contents will show that it does not lack for novelty and courage. It will not capture the multitude, but it is a noteworthy piece of scientific writing.

In one way a comparison with James is inevitable. For the author was a pupil of John Dewey in the days when the latter was founding the "Chicago School," and the present work is representative of that branch of pragmatism. The basic ideas are the same that the Chicagoans have been exploiting along all lines of psychological research: that knowledge is only one of the ways of experiencing reality, and in fact owes all its significance to the other modes of experience out of which it arises and into which it subsides. The present volume is a treatment of religion as consisting essentially, not of theories which are to be criticised as correct or incorrect from the cognitive point of view, but of a type of *attitudes* or feelings of value. Religion, then, is the recognition of certain values as of supreme importance, and its body of dogma is strictly secondary to this fundamental character. It may have gods many or few or none at all; it may promise heaven and threaten hell or it may do neither; but that something in human life is essentially worth experiencing and constitutes an objective and eternal value to which all other values are subordinate—so much it cannot avoid assuming. The validity of a creed is not to be tested by determining whether the beings whose existence it teaches really exist or not, but by determining whether these beings appropriately and adequately symbolize the values upon which emphasis is placed and these values are able to maintain their supremacy in men's estimation.

The kinship of this conception with James's "Will to Believe" will at once

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strike any reader who is familiar with the Cambridge pragmatist's writings. But there is this difference: James is bent upon a defence of religious dogma. King is as far as possible from any such purpose. He believes that he can show that religious dogmas serve a highly important function, in virtue of which they possess a certain sort of "truth." But he gives us no reason to suppose that the deliberate acceptance of the dogma, or anything less than believing it because one cannot help believing, could enable it to perform this function.

So far as any possible scientific account of religion is concerned, King holds it to be utterly immaterial whether any supernatural agencies exist or not. For if there be such agencies, and if they act in the world or in the believer's soul in the way that the believer himself supposes, the scientist has no way of detecting the fact. The only interpretations or explanations that he can give must be couched in universal terms. The world is for him the realm of law, and wherever anything apparently arbitrary or capricious appears he simply takes it for granted that it is governed by laws which he has not yet discovered. The psychology of religion has no more occasion to be religious than chemistry. Religion, whatever else it may be, is a group of psychical phenomena, such as the psychologist is trained to analyze. If there be anything in it that is bound eternally to escape analysis he will never have any reason to suspect its presence. It will be as good as non-existent for him.

It has been said that our author regards religion as essentially an attitude of valuation, differing from other such attitudes (economic, æsthetic, etc.) in the fact that its values are regarded as absolutely supreme. How do they come to be thus magnified? As the result of long-repeated social suggestion. Merely individual concerns are forgotten, while those that are reinforced by constant sympathy remain and deepen. A religion of any strength or tenacity can only be developed in a compactly organized society, and the values which it exalts are precisely those upon which the well-being of the society have been found most vitally to depend: the date palm or the corn-field, the spear and shield, the family hearth, the courts of justice.

The older students of religious evolution supposed that there was a regular line of progress from animism and fetichism up to monotheism. Very pretty dialectical accounts of such progress have been worked out. But the truth is that the continuity of development is not to be found in the succession of religions themselves, but in the modifications of the complex social life out of which they have grown. When a religion declines, it is because the values which it represents have lost their primary importance for social welfare. When, for example, a nomadic people settle down to agricultural life the gods of the desert are bound to be neglected.

The rites and ceremonies of religion are not upon this view an external matter. They *are* the religion on its physical side. For man is not a bodiless spirit, and a feeling without physical expression is nothing. As the religious attitude is a social development the rites have always the character of customs. They are an integral part of the social life. In origin they may be life-conserving activities or rejoicings at the successful outcome of such activities or even mere play. But in the process by which they become the vehicle of a deepened emotion a certain conventionalization inevitably takes place.

Religion is not to be regarded as primarily a means of getting something.

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Valuation and production are distinct, though it is true that they are always connected. Hence arises a new conception of the relation between religion and magic. Psychologists have assumed that these are both devices for obtaining what lies out of reach; and so the distinction was made that whereas magic operates by supposedly *mechanical* means, religion operates by the persuasion of supernatural *persons* to give their aid. For King the cleavage runs deeper. Magic is the primitive man's science. As applied in practice it is primarily an individual, not a social, concern, though there may be a public magic which it is hard to distinguish from religion. But primarily it is the individual's means of accomplishing his private ends—crushing his enemies or winning for himself wealth and honor. Religion is a social function attached to issues of public concern. When its forms are applied to merely private ends they have degenerated into magic. On the other hand, a religion without deities is perfectly possible and seems, indeed, to have been one of the most primitive types. Instead of regarding personal beings as the principal determining causes of good and evil, savages often attribute the largest part to a mysterious quasi-mechanical agency (analogous to our "luck") and religious awe then attaches to its supposed workings. Such an agency was the *manitou,* or *wakonda,* of the American Indians, not a "Great Spirit," as was once supposed; and our author finds indications of a similar conception among various other peoples.

To the professional psychologist, the most interesting passage in the work may well be an incidental discussion of the *rationale* of magical charms. The special students of the subject have told us that these charms are derived from two general principles which to primitive man appear to be self-evident—namely, that like causes like and that what affects anything affects all that has ever been closely connected with it. King has convincingly shown that this is radically incorrect. No such principles are present in the savage's mind. The magical practice is (in conventionalized form) just the sort of thing that an impulsive man's passion carries him into when he longs for what he cannot reach. If, for example, he cannot get at his enemy he must, nevertheless, give vent to his rancor, and stabbing or otherwise maltreating something that is in some way associated with him is the most natural outlet in the world. The notion that a magical effect resulted is one that a single happy coincidence would be enough to suggest.

Though deities are not absolutely essential to religion, our author is well aware that in almost all religions they have an important place. The explanation that he gives is one that is far removed from ordinary opinion, though it is closely bound up with his own general theory. Deities are not to be accounted for as personifications of natural forces, nor as souls of ancestors, nor as shapes seen in dreams, nor as hypotheses to account for extraordinary phenomena. Such beings may or may not be worshipped, but it is precisely the worship that is to be accounted for. The true explanation is simply this: that as the values recognized by religion are necessarily social values, the most appropriate means of symbolizing them is a person or persons with whom one may stand in typical social relations —as kinsman, subject, child, etc. No one ever worshipped a mere world-maker or accepted an argument for the existence of a deity if he did not believe in him already.

To say of a book like this that it is one-sided is cheap and easy criticism.

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The truth is, however, that this work is the result of the enthusiastic following out of the consequences of a single fundamental principle. The weakest point is probably the hypothesis of a primitive atheistical religion. In all the religions of which we are credibly informed, it is beings of a more or less personal character that are worshipped; and, indeed, the attitude of worship is one that distinctly implies a person's susceptibility to praise and supplication. Fidelity to a theory has blinded our author to much that a less able man would not have overlooked. Despite this, perhaps because of this, he has produced a most illuminating work of which every investigator in this field for a generation must take account.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND REALITY: AN ESSAY TOUCHING THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF METAPHYSICS. By EDWARD DOUGLAS FAWCETT. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1909.

The construction of a system of metaphysics is like the child's play with his building-blocks. You start from a foundation of solid truism—the immediate testimony of consciousness, you call it—and upon this set safe and steady probabilities and then more and more shaky possibilities, balancing the crazy structure carefully as it rises higher and higher; and when at last it comes crashing down, you gather up the blocks and, undaunted, build them to a dizzier eminence than ever. From the obvious to the ridiculous that is the game.

This is what Mr. Fawcett has been doing, and hugely he has enjoyed the sport. And now that he has succeeded in rearing a particularly tall and shaky tower, he is eager to have us come and look at it before some little accident topples it over.

The book is divided into three parts. The first two deal with the more technical questions of metaphysical theory (the method, the nature of truth, the relation of mind and body, freedom and determinism), but in a breezy style that happily circumvents their difficulties. In the third part "Ultimate Questions" are considered, such as the nature of reality, the existence of gods and their relation to the cosmos, immortality. The main argument runs somewhat as follows:

Metaphysics is the study of the general nature of appearances, the attempt to grasp the universe as a whole. Whereas a science concerns itself only with some special order or aspect of appearances and so reaches results which, although satisfactory for the special ends in view, are hopelessly one-sided; metaphysics seeks principles that shall apply to all orders of reality. We must, however, recognize from the outset that all theoretical truth is abstract, and hence is essentially inadequate to portray the concrete richness of reality. A mystic vision could alone yield a perfectly satisfactory insight into things, and this we do not, at the present stage of our development, possess. Theoretical truth, such as it is, we may attain; for all appearances are real and there is no unknowable. Sound metaphysics must start from appearances as experienced and proceed on the assumption that whatever exists must be at least capable of appearing in experience—that is to say, must not be essentially different from experienced reality.

I cannot soberly think that I alone exist. Other sentient beings have an existence of their own quite apart from their occasional presence to my perception; and if they, then a whole universe as well. Each conscious centre of experience contains two aspects—the so-called subject and object

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or me and not me. These must not be taken to be distinct realities. The object is simply what is for the moment attended to; and the subject is the vaguer background, shading off into the subconscious. Now just as within a human centre one can discern various degrees of intensity of experience so different kinds of centres (human, animal, vegetable or even atomic) are distinguished from each other by their degree of psychic activity. For all activity, even the so-called physical, is essentially psychic—that is to say, at least potentially conscious. What is not actually conscious is subconscious rather than unconscious.

All reality is in a constant flux; and the centres are like eddies carried along in a stream, each containing smaller eddies and itself contained within the circumference of larger eddies. The ground of them all is the primitive subconscious *mother-stuff*, which is at once their source and support, which divides and yet relates them. The hypothesis of a creator is accordingly untenable. There may be and probably are gods in the sense of higher centres than ours who may exert some influence upon the centres beneath them, although such influence is difficult to detect. The wide-spread dogma of the rebirth of the individual is likewise to be regarded as possessing much probability. Death is only a temporary lessening of activity and consequent sinking into subconsciousness. A new individual, more or less like the old and more or less continuous with it, tends inevitably to reappear. For the former existence has established in reality itself a permanent habit or bent toward his recrudescence.

Such, in the barest outline, is the system. It will be seen that it reaches some dizzy heights. In conclusion, it may be said that, while the author lacks somewhat in appreciation, he gives evidence of a critical acquaintance with a wide field of philosophical literature; and that while his treatment of the issues of current controversy is generally superficial, he knows what is going on in the world of thought. The book is amusing, exasperating and at times undeniably clever and suggestive.

Dogmatism and Evolution. By Theodore de Laguna and Grace A. de Laguna. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1910.

Pragmatism, or instrumentalism, has not, perhaps, been subjected to a scrutiny at once more sympathetic and more searching than in the recent volume entitled "Dogmatism and Evolution," by Theodore de Laguna and Grace A. de Laguna. A certain interest attaches to the book both as a contribution to the criticism of pragmatism and to its positive development; for the critics are in entire sympathy with the application of evolutionary methods to logical research and profess, moreover, to be instrumentalists of a more radical type than the very advocates of pragmatism.

An explanation of the title is an explanation of the central theme of the book. By dogmatism, in opposition to evolution, is meant those assumptions common to non-evolutionary logic which consist in positing the existence of simple irreducible elements and the possibility of ultimate analysis.

The treatment of evolutionary logic is introduced by a careful and detailed historical study of the dogmatic systems of logic which evolutionary logic aims to supplant. A subtle examination of the great dogmatic systems of empiricism and rationalism, and of the critical philosophy as a conflict between dogmatism and the new tendencies, a brilliant chapter on the

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evolutionary logic of absolute idealism and the difficulties incurred by its retention of dogmatic assumptions—these serve a double purpose in introducing the discussion of pragmatism by analyzing both the various forms in which dogmatism may lurk and the specific difficulties to which dogmatism may lead and which a new theory must face.

Beyond the substantial agreement of the authors with pragmatism as to the well-recognized principles of instrumental logic, we find important criticisms which take one of two forms. In certain cases the pragmatist has fallen back on dogmatic assumptions foreign to the spirit of his philosophy; in certain others he has made one-sided applications of his principles tending to throw the total emphasis on those aspects alone of cognitive processes which are instrumental to the guidance of conduct. Such is the tendency to neglect the genetic or content aspect of meaning for the aspect of value; and the aspect of truth, which concerns its consistency with other beliefs, for its aspect of satisfactory guidance of conduct. Without attempting a discussion of these criticisms, which would be impossible in small space, it may be said that the net result is to effect a complete shift in the point of view regarding the most far-reaching questions of pragmatic theory — viz., the proper interpretation of knowledge in relation to conduct, the nature of scientific validity and the proper evolution of intellectual interests. Such a result would seem to validate the author's initial contention that the cure for radicalism in pragmatic theory is more radicalism, since this shift of emphasis touches the point where pragmatism has been most bitterly assailed.

The final chapters deal in a stimulating way with the genesis and functional relations of the concept to conduct. Such detailed applications of the method of evolution to cognitive problems have been all too rare. Pragmatism has been hitherto concerned with general questions and controversial arguments. The need for such investigations is well recognized, and one could wish that the authors had been able to continue farther their detailed studies of cognition and conduct. As a whole, the volume contains much that is original and merits serious attention. If instrumentalism has in its own power such a reconstitution of values as these essays claim, it cannot fail to recommend itself to interested but dissatisfied critics of the results of previous applications of evolutionary method.

THE MEANING OF TRUTH. By WILLIAM JAMES. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1909.

The recent death of Dr. James makes any slight summing-up of his last published work seem more than ordinarily superficial. Dr. James was our American contribution to world philosophy. He was, as Professor Schiller tells Plato in the delightful dialogue on "'Useless' Knowledge," "a philosopher . . . very different from the 'bald-headed little tinkers' who are philosophers not by the grace of God, but by the favor of some wretched 'thinking-shop' and a man (or shall I rather call him a god?) after your own heart." Emerson was an American and a philosopher of world-wide repute, but in so different a kind and class as hardly to count here. He was a popularizer of great thought: a philosophically minded *littérateur*. William James was a philosopher with the gifts of a man-of-letters added. For the first time in the history of philosophy a theoretic

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view-point, born in our own land, has influenced thinkers all over Europe and gained disciples in England, Italy and Germany.

Dr. James, it is understood, has left an "Introduction to Philosophy" practically completed, but at present the "Meaning of Truth," published late in 1909, is his last published work. It is an answer to the numerous critics of "Pragmatism."

Of these critics James B. Pratt receives most distinguished attention in an entire chapter to himself, while the others are grouped and dealt with *en masse*. James's critics were still bound to the ideal of universal concepts pure and changeless and were accused by him of looking upon concrete particulars as more or less corruptions of the flesh. It was a part of Dr. James's service to life to point out over and over that the sublimest works contain often the grossest material and that our most valuable labor is done with the stuff closest at hand. "Beautiful," he says, "beautiful is the flight of conceptual reason through the upper air of truth. No wonder philosophers are dazzled by it still, and no wonder they look with some disdain at the low earth of feeling from which the goddess launches herself aloft. But woe to her if she returns not home to its acquaintance; *nirgands haften dann die unsicheren Sohlen*—every crazy wind will take her, and like a fire-balloon at night she will go out among the stars." Truth, Dr. James would tell us, lies pretty near home and not in a phantom world of our vanity's invention. It is a thing we can lay our hand upon to test and try.

It is trite at this late day to go over Dr. James's contention that a truth proves itself by its results: "By their fruits ye shall know them." A particular concept must be effective; it must procure for the materialist, in some degree, his desire; for the mystic, the enlarged vision, the wiser heart. If results be strange or hazy or unsatisfactory the seeker has not reached his goal; he has not attained his material or intellectual or moral satisfaction.

The word "satisfaction" has come in for a round of abuse. But in using it Dr. James had no narrow intentions. He meant to bring up the concrete result to the bar of experience to test it. If it answers, it passes; if not, it fails. Truth, as the relation of conceptual parts of our experience to the sensational parts, may allow us to admit to-morrow what we have denied to-day, since to-morrow we may so have broadened our spiritual life as to see where once we were blind.

For any one, even a technical philosopher, to attempt to sum up to-day the value of Dr. James's contribution to philosophy would be no more nor less than impertinence. The slow processes of thought and culture only can deal with such a subject. At the moment when his work appeared it did a signal service in bringing down the "conceptual flight" to earth, in enlarging the scope of philosophic argument, in heaping contempt upon a dizzy and uncertain scholastic structure; in clearing the way of many meaningless terms and trivial concepts; above all, it greatly vitalized philosophic controversy; it poured new blood into the veins of a dry-as-dust subject. His work, apart from its value or its errors, partook of his characteristic qualities, a proverbial open-mindedness, a charming candor and impregnable sincerity. His versatility was as surprising as his liberality; his gifts as a man of letters and a stylist were as great as his scientific and philosophic endowments. His chief disciple and co-worker, Dr. John Dewey, has somewhere said of him that with a power of intro-

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spective vision, unequalled by any among living psychologists, he had also the power of so embodying an idea that it would stand out and let one walk all round it.

FICTION

THE DOCTOR'S CHRISTMAS EVE. By JAMES LANE ALLEN. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1910.

THAT the undissolved differences of parents become the sufferings of children is one of the familiar facts, known but too little realized. It is the expiation of the parent's sin or mistake which Mr. Allen takes as his theme in this, the second volume of his Christmas trilogy.

Christmas is *par excellence* the festival of the home; the apotheosis of all that makes for family bonds, loyalty and honor. In dealing with it, its symbolism and its significance, Mr. Allen is likewise dealing with the main factor of family life, the monogamic principle. He shows in both the first two books tragedies that may result from the fact that civilization, having produced a woman, whose instinct is entirely monogamic, has left man with an instinct imperfectly so.

In the "Bride of the Mistletoe" the husband, in expounding for his wife the Christmas symbols, yet shows her that it is inherent in man to have wandering affections. As he craves a wide knowledge of life and of the earth, so also he craves a wide experience of emotion. In the first book he shows us how the *Wanderlust* of the heart may fall upon a man midway in life. That volume closes with the picture of a wounded woman bearing her hurt, as women do, for the sake of the next generation.

The "Doctor's Christmas Eve" gives us the second assault upon the monogamic principle, and the doctor, who is able, kindly and serviceable, lives out his life with the love of his friend's wife in his heart. It never reaches expression, but it causes an imperfect spiritual relation between the doctor and his wife and results in moral frailty in their two children—an impertinent and selfish little girl and a boy robbed of his greatest natural moral support—his love of his mother. One might be inclined to quarrel with Mr. Allen as to the working out of his story. The natural biological bond in a family is that between mother and son, father and daughter. That bond between the mother and son is the strongest natural tie on earth and is rarely broken except by the mother's unworthiness. The chances are that an unloved wife would have a son more like herself and more bound to her than other women. However, in Mr. Allen's story, the son turns wholly to the father, and his strongest dramatic climax is where the little boy, standing by his father's error, repudiates his mother. The boy suffers vicariously and dies for his father's sin. It seems almost an unnecessary amount of expiation for what is recorded as no more than an erring heart.

It is no new thing for an author to begin by being popular and then to produce books which will only be read after they have been adequately interpreted. Mr. Allen has been very popular, but his last two books are not light or easy reading. Even the hardened critic may come at them at first with a little impatience. Here is a biological problem, which we are accustomed to find treated with brutal realism or scientific accuracy, all veiled in symbolism and poetry. Moreover, it is a biological problem

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etherialized, made purely psychic in our American air. There is no question of anything but a mental infidelity, and yet in an atmosphere where mind and spirit are as real as the body itself this error reaps physical vengeance.

There are passages of high poetry in Mr. Allen's book. There are four charmingly drawn children. There is all the breath and the air and the soil of Kentucky. One may take it, according to temperament, as a fault or a gain that Mr. Allen has reached the point where he can no longer tell a simple, realistic story. All the meanings of life, of growth, of death, press hurriedly into his consciousness. If the clock ticks, he hears the pulse of the ages. If a wild beast at the village circus gives forth his lonely jungle cry, he hears the tiger and the ape still mumbling in the soul of man and above it the high command that was uttered on Mount Sinai. In the speeches of children he hears the minds of their forefathers and knows the quality of the soil upon which they grew. When the hymn of Bethlehem sounds, he hears as overtones the prayer in Gethsemane.

In the beginning of the book there are touches of *naïveté* that baffle the reader, but he is a feeble and superficial critic who, reading the book carefully to the end, fancies that he has dealt with light matter.

THE BIRD IN THE BOX. By MARY MEARS. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1910.

The novel in our own land has almost completely divorced itself from literature. It has become to literature what the photograph is to painting —a cheap, convenient, serviceable substitute made of the narrow realism which is a poor substitute for truth. As one may have thousands of photographs more easily than one painting, so one may have thousands of novels for one scrap of literature. But there is and will always be a remnant of mankind who prefer art to artifice, truth, however large, to a small realism. It was then the artistic endeavor, the sheer love of beauty, the reach after a symbol which should contain some vestige of a higher truth, which we hailed some years since in "The Breath of the Runners," by Mary Mears. Since then Miss Mears has published some minor work, but the real successor to the "Breath of the Runners" has come in "The Bird in the Box." It is a poetic and noble treatment of a familiar subject, a woman's heart caught and prisoned in the wrong cage. Through labor and devotion and, finally, through the ultimate self-surrender in death, liberty is won. It is the study of a soul not wholly glad, but eager, agitated, sensuous, seeking deliverance from the solicitations of a pessimistic solution of life, and finding at last, in complete renunciation, the higher faith, the ultimate peace.

Miss Mears's especial gift is the artist's vision. Daughter and sister of artists, reared in the immediate environment of so great an artist as Augustus St.-Gaudens, Miss Mears not only sees more, but sees more beautifully than the average writer. Ships, seas, buildings, city streets, men and women are all seen afresh by the eye of a true artist. Moreover, she has told her story so that it awakens a given state of mind, induces a mood even as music does, and finally leaves a memory that smokes like a censer and smells like a rose. The supreme novel in this *genre* is, of course, Pater's "Marius," but wherever a writer, in even a slight degree, aims at

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a real beauty he deserves recognition. Miss Mears has written a beautiful and convincing story. A moral problem is taken and set forth in a mosaic of lovely pictures. To catch and imprison the hidden essence of things; to see life and spirit and transmit them to the printed page; to sing again the songs of the city streets; to catch the fleeting lights and glories of sea and sky, the colors and shapes of objects, the lines and hues of streets—this is the business of the novelist, and it is this that Mary Mears is doing and doing with high poetic feeling and great insight. Her prose halts at times, but at others it reaches a rare lyric beauty. "The Bird in the Box" is a worthy successor of the "Breath of the Runners" and is a novel full of tenderness, beauty and high ideals.

The Finer Grain. By HENRY JAMES. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910.

IN one of his earlier books, Mr. Henry James has given advice to the young writer—"Emphasize the personal note," he cautions him, and no one can say that Mr. James has not consistently followed his own advice.

As to whether the results of this have been altogether successful or not must always depend upon the taste of the reader. Mr. James began with a remarkable endowment. He attained in his middle years to a perfect manner for his own subtle and psychological matter. But there are few readers of English who can follow his latest work without some irritability. Open the book at random and measure on any two pages the length of the sentence, and one finds the shortest statement will spread over five lines, and that the author does not hesitate to lengthen it out to fifteen. He is merciless as to parentheses and sentence-structure. As to a beginning of a tale, a middle where the crisis is at the highest point, and an end which is the *dénouement,* Mr. James will none of these old-fashioned artifices. The story only stops when Mr. James's interest flags.

"Life," he would seem to say, "does not present itself as a constructed round, then why should a story?"

Of the five tales contained in this volume, "The Bench of Desolation" is at once the finest and the most Jamesian. Somehow it recalls, although faintly, that absolutely perfect story, *The Altar of the Dead;* not that the content is the same, but that it likewise is a study in a long fidelity and continuity of purpose, and also Mr. James has evidently bent himself to handle it with great exquisiteness.

Always aloof from his characters, in a quite unusual and lofty manner the *deus ex machinâ,* he seems at times to move his creations with a humorous and gentle tenderness, as if even the creator understood the little passions and tenacious purposes by which they are moved.

Crapy Cornelia is one of Mr. James's studies in sordidness and smallness, for it must be admitted that Mr. James has always had a touch of that quality with which George Eliot endows Dr. Lydgate, the quality that believes that for some reason elegance and fineness really do reside in the best of furniture and the most modern of hangings.

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"UNDER WESTERN EYES"*

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

CHAPTER III

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS.—*Razumov, a student of philosophy at the University of St. Petersburg, is supposed to be the son of humble parents, but is under the protection of a powerful nobleman. At the moment when he has decided to compete for a scholarship medal a despotic Minister of State is assassinated. Razumov returning to his rooms finds Haldin, a fellow student, awaiting him. Haldin reveals the fact that he threw the bomb which killed the minister. Believing Razumov sympathetic, he asks him to assist him in his escape. Razumov, inwardly protesting against being involved in the affair, starts out to do as Haldin wishes. The plan, however, miscarries, and Razumov in desperation decides to lay the whole matter before Prince K——, his mysterious protector. The Prince approves Razumov's conduct and takes him at once to the house of General T——, by whom he is closely questioned. The General learning the time and place at which Haldin expects to meet the man who is to convey him from the city, sends Razumov back to his rooms. He finds Haldin still there and tells him that all is arranged. In a thoughtless outburst he permits Haldin to discover that he is not in sympathy with his deed and Haldin departs, leaving Razumov uncertain whether the police are on hand to make the arrest. Exhausted by his emotion, he sets down briefly his own political creed, and, pinning the paper to the wall, falls into a troubled sleep.*

APPROACHING this part of Mr. Razumov's story, my mind, the decent mind of an old teacher of languages, feels more and more the difficulty of the task.

The task is not, in truth, the writing in the narrative form a *précis* of a strange human document, but the rendering—I perceived it now clearly—of the moral conditions ruling over a large portion of this earth's surface; conditions not easily to be understood, much less discovered in the limits of a story till some key word is found; a word that could stand at the back of all the words covering the pages that remain to write; a word which if not truth itself may perchance hold truth enough to help the moral discovery which should be the object of every tale.

I turn over for the hundredth time the leaves of Mr. Razumov's record, I lay it aside, I take up the pen—and the pen being ready for its office of setting down black on white, I hesitate. For the word that persists in creeping under its point is no other word than Cynicism.

For that is the mark of Russian autocracy and of Russian revolt. In its pride of numbers, in its strange pretensions of sanctity, and in the secret readiness to abase itself in suffering the spirit of Russia is the spirit

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of cynicism. It informs the declarations of her statesmen, the theories of her revolutionists and the mystic vaticinations of prophets to the point of making freedom look like a form of debauch, and the Christian virtues themselves appear positively indecent. . . . But I must apologize for the digression. It proceeds from the consideration of the course taken by the story of Mr. Razumov after his conservative convictions diluted in a vague liberalism natural to the ardor of his age had become crystallized by the shock of his contact with Haldin.

Razumov woke up for the tenth time, perhaps, with a heavy shiver. Seeing the light of day in his window, he resisted the inclination to lay himself down again. He did not remember anything, but he did not think it strange to find himself on the sofa in his cloak and chilled to the bone. But the light coming through the window seemed strangely cheerless, containing no promise as the light of each new day should for a young man. It was the awakening of a man mortally ill or of a man ninety years old. He looked at the lamp which had burnt itself out. It stood there, the extinguished beacon of his labors, a cold object of brass and porcelain, amongst the scattered pages of his notes and small piles of books—a mere litter of blackened paper—dead matter—without significance or interest.

He got on his feet, and divesting himself of his cloak, hung it on the peg, going through all the motions mechanically. An incredible dulness, a ditch-water stagnation, was sensible to his perceptions as though life had withdrawn itself from all things and even from his own thoughts. There was not a sound in the house.

Turning away from the peg, he thought in that same lifeless manner that it must be very early yet; but when he looked at the watch on his table he saw both hands arrested at twelve o'clock.

"Ah! Yes," he mumbled to himself, and as if beginning to get roused a little he took a survey of his room. The paper stabbed to the wall arrested his attention. He eyed it from the distance without approval or perplexity; but when he heard the servant-girl beginning to bustle about in the outer room with the samovar for his morning tea, he walked up to it and took it down with an air of profound indifference.

While doing that he glanced down at the bed on which he had not slept that night. The hollow in the pillow made by the weight of Haldin's head was very noticeable.

Even his anger at this sign of the man's passage was dull. He did not try to nurse it into life. He did nothing all that day; he neglected even to brush his hair. The idea of going out never occurred to him—and if he did not start a connected train of thought, it was not because he was unable to think. It was because he was not interested enough.

He yawned frequently. He drank large quantities of tea, he walked about aimlessly and whenever he sat down he did not budge for a long time. He spent some time drumming on the window with his finger-tips quietly. In his listless wanderings round about the table he caught sight of his own face in the looking-glass and that arrested him. The eyes which returned his stare were the most unhappy eyes he had ever seen. And that was the first thing that disturbed the mental stagnation of that day.

He was not affected personally. He merely thought that life without happiness is impossible. What was happiness? He yawned and went on shuffling about and about between the walls of his room. Looking forward

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was happiness—that's all—nothing more. To look forward to the gratification of some desire, to the gratification of some passion, love, ambition, hate—hate too indubitably. Love and hate. And to escape the dangers of existence, to live without fear, was also happiness. There was nothing else. Absence of fear—looking forward. "Oh! the miserable lot of humanity!" he exclaimed, mentally: and added at once in his thought, "I ought to be happy enough as far as that goes." But he was not excited by that assurance. On the contrary, he yawned again as he had been yawning all that day. He was mildly surprised to discover himself being overtaken by night. The room grew dark swiftly, though time had seemed to stand still. How was it that he had not noticed the passing of that day? Of course it was the watch being stopped. . . .

He did not light his lamp, but went over to the bed and threw himself on it without any hesitation. Lying on his back, he put his hands under his head and stared upward. After a moment he thought: "I am lying here like that man. I wonder if he slept while I was struggling with the blizzard in the streets. No, he did not sleep. But why should I not sleep?" and he felt the silence of the night press upon all his limbs like a weight.

In the calm of the hard frost outside, the clear-cut strokes of the town clock counting off midnight penetrated the quietness of his suspended animation.

Again he began to think. It was twenty-four hours since that man left his room. Razumov had a distinct feeling that Haldin in the fortress was sleeping that night. It was a certitude which made him angry because he did not want to think of Haldin, but he justified it to himself by physiological and psychological reasons. The fellow had hardly slept for weeks on his own confession and now every incertitude was at an end for him. No doubt he was looking forward to the consummation of his martyrdom. A man who resigns himself to kill need not go very far for resignation to die. Haldin slept perhaps more soundly than General T——, whose task —weary work, too—was not done and over whose head hung the sword of revolutionary vengeance.

Razumov, remembering the thick-set man with his heavy jowl resting on the collar of his uniform, the champion of autocracy, who had let no sign of surprise, incredulity or joy escape him, but whose goggle eyes could express a mortal hatred of all rebellion—Razumov moved uneasily on the bed.

"He suspected me," he thought. "I suppose he must suspect everybody. He would be capable of suspecting his own wife, if Haldin had gone to her boudoir with his confession."

Razumov sat up in anguish. Was he to remain a political suspect all his days? Was he to go through life as a man not wholly to be trusted—with a bad secret police note tacked on to his record? What sort of future could he look forward to?

"I am now a suspect," he thought again; but the habit of reflection and that desire of safety, of an ordered life, which was so strong in him came to his assistance as the night wore on. His quiet, steady and laborious existence would vouch at length for his loyalty. There were many permitted ways to serve one's country. There was an activity that made for progress without being revolutionary. The field of influence was great and infinitely varied—once one had conquered a name.

His thought, like a circling bird, reverted after four-and-twenty hours

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to the silver medal, and, as it were, poised itself there. When the day broke he had not slept, not for a moment, but he got up not very tired and quite sufficiently self-possessed for all practical purposes.

He went out and attended three lectures in the morning. But the work in the library was a mere dumb show of research. He sat with many volumes open before him trying to make notes and extracts. His new tranquillity was like a flimsy garment and seemed to float at the mercy of a casual word. Betrayal! Why! the fellow had done all that was necessary to betray himself! Precious little had been needed to deceive him.

"I have said no word to him that was not strictly true. Not one word"—Razumov argued with himself.

Once engaged on this line of thought, there could be no question of doing useful work. The same ideas went on passing through his mind and he pronounced mentally the same words over and over again. He shut up all the books and rammed all his papers into his pocket with convulsive movements, raging inwardly against Haldin.

As he was leaving the library a long bony student in a threadbare overcoat joined him, stepping moodily by his side. Razumov answered his mumbled greeting without looking at him at all.

"What does he want with me?" he thought with a strange dread of the unexpected which he tried to shake off lest it should fasten itself upon his life for good and all. And the other, muttering cautiously with downcast eyes, supposed that his comrade had seen the news of de P——'s executioner—that was the expression he used—having been arrested the night before last. . . .

"I've been ill—shut up in my rooms," Razumov mumbled through his teeth.

The tall student, raising his shoulders, shoved his hands deep into his pockets. He had a hairless, square, tallowy chin which trembled slightly as he spoke, and his nose, nipped bright red by the sharp air, looked like a false nose of painted cardboard between the sallow cheeks. His whole appearance was stamped with the mark of cold and hunger. He stalked deliberately at Razumov's elbow with his eyes on the ground.

"It's an official statement," he continued in the same cautious mutter. "It may be a lie. But there was somebody arrested between midnight and one in the morning on Tuesday. That is certain."

And talking rapidly under the cover of his downcast air, he told Razumov that this was known through an inferior government clerk employed at the Central Secretariat. That man belonged to one of the revolutionary circles. "The same, in fact, I am affiliated to," remarked the student.

They were crossing a wide quadrangle. An infinite distress possessed Razumov, annihilated his energy, and before his eyes everything appeared confused and as if evanescent. He dared not leave the fellow there. "He may be affiliated to the police," was the thought that passed through his mind. "Who could tell?" But eyeing the miserable frost-nipped, famine-struck figure of his companion, he perceived the absurdity of his suspicion.

"But I—you know—I don't belong to any circle. I . . ."

He dared not say any more. Neither dared he mend his pace. The other, raising and setting down his lamentably shod feet with exact deliberation, protested in a low tone that it was not necessary, for everybody to belong to an organization. The most valuable personalities remained outside. Then very fast, with whispering, feverish lips:

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"The man arrested in the street was Haldin."

And accepting Razumov's dismayed silence as natural enough, he assured him that there was no mistake. That government clerk was on night duty at the Secretariat. Hearing a great noise of footsteps in the hall and aware that political prisoners were brought over sometimes at night from the fortress, he opened the door of the room in which he was working, suddenly. Before the gendarme on duty could push him back and slam the door in his face, he had seen a prisoner being partly carried, partly dragged along the hall by a lot of policemen. He was being used very brutally. And the clerk had recognized Haldin perfectly. Less than half an hour afterward General T—— arrived at the Secretariat to examine that prisoner personally.

"Aren't you astonished?" concluded the gaunt student.

"No," said Razumov, brutally—and at once regretted his answer.

"Everybody supposed Haldin was in the provinces—with his people. Didn't you?"

The student turned his big hollow eyes upon Razumov, who said, unguardedly:

"His people are abroad."

He could have bitten his tongue out with vexation. The student pronounced in a tone of profound meaning:

"So! You alone were aware . . ." and stopped.

"They have sworn my ruin," thought Razumov.

"Have you spoken of this to any one else?" he asked with bitter curiosity.

The other shook his head.

"No, only to you. Our circle thought that as Haldin had been often heard expressing a warm appreciation of your character . . ."

Razumov could not restrain a gesture of angry despair, which the other must have misunderstood in some way, because he ceased speaking and turned away his black, lack-lustre eyes.

They moved side by side in silence. Then the gaunt student began to whisper again, with averted gaze.

"As we have at present no one affiliated inside the fortress so as to make it possible to furnish him with a packet of poison, we have considered already some sort of retaliatory action—to follow very soon . . ."

Razumov, trudging on, interrupted:

"Were you acquainted with Haldin? Did he know where you live?"

"I had the happiness to hear him speak twice," his companion answered in the feverish whisper contrasting with the gloomy apathy of his face and bearing. "He did not know where I live. . . . I am lodging poorly . . . with an artisan family. . . . I have just a corner in a room. It is not very practicable to see me there, but if you should need me for anything I am ready . . ."

Razumov trembled with rage and fear. He was beside himself, but kept his voice low.

"You are not to come near me. You are not to speak to me. Never address a single word to me. I forbid you."

"Very well," said the other submissively, showing no surprise whatever at this abrupt prohibition. "You don't wish, for secret reasons . . . perfectly . . . I understand."

He edged away at once, not looking up even; and Razumov saw his

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gaunt, shabby, famine-stricken figure cross the street obliquely with lowered head and that peculiar exact motion of the feet.

He watched him as one would watch a vision out of a nightmare, then he continued on his way, trying not to think. On his landing, the landlady seemed to be waiting for him. She was a short, thick, shapeless woman with a large yellow face wrapped up everlastingly in a black woollen shawl. When she saw him come up the last flight of stairs she flung both her arms up excitedly, then clasped her hands before her face.

"Kirylo Sidorovitch—little father—what have you been doing! And such a quiet young man, too. The police are just gone this moment after searching your rooms."

Razumov gazed down at her with silent, scrutinizing attention. Her puffy yellow countenance was working with emotion. She screwed up her eyes at him entreatingly.

"Such a sensible young man. Anybody can see you are sensible. And now—like this—all at once. . . . What is the good of mixing yourself up with these Nihilists. Do give over—little father. They are unlucky people."

Razumov moved his shoulders slightly.

"Or is it that some secret enemy has been calumniating you, Kirylo Sidorovitch? The world is full of black hearts and false denunciations nowadays. There is much fear about."

"Have you heard that I have been denounced by some one?" asked Razumov, without taking his eyes off her quivering face.

But she had not heard anything. She had tried to find out by asking the police captain while his men were turning the room upside down. The police captain of the district had known her for the last eleven years and was a humane person. But he said to her on the landing, looking very black and vexed:

"My good woman, do you ask questions? I don't know anything myself. The order comes from higher quarters."

And indeed there had come, shortly after the arrival of the policemen of the district a very superior gentleman in a fur coat and a shiny hat, who sat down in the room and looked through all the papers himself. He came alone and went away by himself, taking nothing with him. She had been trying to put things straight a little since they left.

Razumov turned away brusquely and entered his rooms.

All his books had been shaken and thrown on the floor. His landlady followed him and, stooping painfully, began to pick them up into her apron. His papers and notes which were kept always neatly sorted (they all related to his studies) had been all shuffled up and heaped together into a ragged pile in the middle of the table.

This disorder affected him profoundly, unreasonably. He sat down and stared. He had a distinct sensation of his very existence being undermined in some mysterious manner, of his moral supports falling away from him one by one. He even experienced a slight physical giddiness and made a movement as if to reach for something to steady himself with.

The old woman, rising to her feet with a low groan, shot all the books she had collected in her apron on to the sofa, and left the room muttering.

It was only then that he noticed that the sheet of paper which for one night had remained stabbed to the wall above his empty bed was lying on top of the pile.

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When he had taken it down the day before he had folded it in four, absent-mindedly before dropping it on the table. And now he saw it lying uppermost, spread out, smoothed out even and covering all the confused pile of pages, the record of his intellectual life for the last three years. It had not been flung there. It had been placed there—smoothed out, too! He guessed in that an intention—a profound meaning—or perhaps some inexplicable mockery.

He sat staring at the piece of paper till his eyes began to smart. He did not attempt to put his papers in order, either that evening or the next day—which he spent at home in a state of peculiar irresolution. This irresolution bore upon the question whether he should continue to live—neither more nor less. But its nature was very far removed from the hesitation of a man contemplating suicide. The idea of laying violent hands upon his body did not occur to Razumov. The unrelated organism bearing that label walking, breathing, wearing these clothes, was of no importance to any one, unless maybe to the landlady. The true Razumov had his being in the willed, in the determined future—in that future menaced by the lawlessness of autocracy—for autocracy knows no law—and the lawlessness of revolution. The feeling that his moral personality was at the mercy of these lawless forces was so strong that he asked himself seriously if it were worth while to go on accomplishing the mental functions of that existence which seemed no longer his own.

"What is the good of exerting my intelligence, of pursuing the systematic development of my faculties and all my plans of work?" he asked himself. "I want to guide my conduct by reasonable convictions, but what security have I against something—some destructive horror—walking in upon me as I sit here? . . ."

Razumov looked apprehensively towards the door of the outer room as if expecting some shape of evil to turn the handle and appear before him silently.

"A common thief," he said to himself, "finds more guarantees in the law he is breaking, and even a brute like Ziemianitch has his consolation." Razumov envied the materialism of the thief and the passion of the incorrigible old man. The consequences of their actions were always clear and their lives remained their own.

But he slept as soundly that night as though he had been consoling himself in the manner of Ziemianitch. He dropped off suddenly, lay like a log, remembered no dream on waking. But it was as if his soul had gone out in the night to gather the flowers of wrathful wisdom. He got up in a mood of grim determination and as if with a new knowledge of his own nature. He looked mockingly on the heap of papers on his table; and left his room to attend the lectures muttering to himself: "We shall see."

He was in no humor to talk to anybody or hear himself questioned as to his absence from lectures the day before. But it was difficult to repulse rudely a very good comrade with a smooth pink face and fair hair, bearing the nickname amongst his fellow students of "Madcap Kostia." He was the idolized only son of a very wealthy and illiterate Government contractor, and attended the lectures only during the periodical fits of contrition following upon tearful paternal remonstrances. Noisily blundering like a retriever puppy, his elated voice and great gestures filled the bare academy corridors with the joy of thoughtless animal life; provoking indulgent smiles at a great distance. His usual discourses treated of

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trotting-horses, wine parties in expensive restaurants and the merits of persons of easy virtue, with a disarming artlessness of outlook. He pounced upon Razumov about midday somewhat less unroariously than his habit was, and led him aside.

"Just a moment, Kirylo Sidorovitch. A few words here in this quiet corner."

He felt Razumov's reluctance and insinuated his hand under his arm caressingly.

"No—pray do. I don't want to talk to you about any of my silly scrapes. What are my scrapes? Absolutely nothing. Mere childishness. The other night I flung a fellow out of a certain place where I was having a fairly good time. A tyrannical little beast of a quill-driver from the Treasury Department. . . . He was bullying the people of the house. I rebuked him. 'You are not behaving humanely to God's creatures that are a jolly sight more estimable than yourself,' I said. I can't bear to see any tyranny, Kirylo Sidorovitch. Upon my word I can't. He didn't take it in good part at all. 'Who's that impudent puppy?' he begins to shout. I was in excellent form as it happened, and he went through the closed window very suddenly. He flew quite a long way into the yard. I raged like—like a—minotaur. The women clung to me and screamed, the fiddlers got under the table. . . . Such fun! My dad had to put his hand pretty deep into his pocket, I can tell you."

He chuckled.

"My dad is a very useful man. Jolly good thing it is for me, too. I do get into unholy scrapes."

His elation fell. That was just it. What was his life? Insignificant; no good to any one; a mere festivity. It would end some fine day in his getting his skull split with a champagne-bottle in a drunken brawl. At such times too when men were sacrificing themselves to ideas. But he could never get any ideas into his head. His head wasn't worth anything better than to be split by a champagne-bottle.

Razumov, protesting that he had no time, made an attempt to get away. The other's tone changed to confidential earnestness.

"For God's sake, Kirylo, my dear soul, let me make some sort of sacrifice. It would not be a sacrifice really. I have my rich dad behind me. There's positively no getting to the bottom of his pocket."

And rejecting indignantly Razumov's suggestion that this was drunken raving, he offered to lend him some money to escape abroad with. He could always get money from his dad. He had only to say that he had lost it at cards or something of that sort, and at the same time promise solemnly not to miss a single lecture for three months on end. That would fetch the old man; and he, Kostia, was quite equal to the sacrifice. Though he really did not see what was the good for him to attend the lectures. It was perfectly hopeless.

"Won't you let me be of some use?" he pleaded to the silent Razumov, who with his eyes on the ground and utterly unable to penetrate the real drift of the other's intention, felt a strange reluctance to clear up the point.

"What makes you think I want to go abroad?" he asked at last very quietly.

Kostia lowered his voice.

"You had the police in your rooms yesterday. There are three or four

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of us who have heard of that. Never mind how we know. It is sufficient that we do. So we have been consulting together."

"Ah! You got to know that so soon," muttered Razumov, negligently.

"Yes. We did. And it struck us that a man like you . . ."

"What sort of man do you take me to be?" Razumov interrupted him.

"A man of ideas—and a man of action, too. But you are very deep, Kirylo. There's no getting to the bottom of your mind. Not for fellows like me. But we all agreed that you must be preserved for our country. Of that we have no doubt whatever—I mean all of us who have heard Haldin speak of you on certain occasions. A man doesn't get the police ransacking his rooms without there being some devilry hanging over his head. . . . And so if you think that it would be better for you to bolt at once. . . ."

Razumov tore himself away and walked down the corridor, leaving the other motionless with his mouth open. But almost at once he returned and stood before the amazed Kostia, who shut his mouth slowly. Razumov looked him straight in the eyes, before saying with marked deliberation *and separating his words:*

"I thank—you—very—much."

He went away again rapidly. Kostia recovering from his surprise at these manœuvres ran up behind him pressingly.

"No! Wait! Listen. I really mean it. It would be like giving your compassion to a starving fellow. Do you hear, Kirylo? And any disguise you may think of, that, too, I could procure from a *costumier*, a Jew I know. Let a fool be made serviceable according to his folly. Perhaps also a false beard or something of that kind may be needed."

Razumov turned at bay.

"There are no false beards needed in this business, Kostia—you good-hearted lunatic, you. What do you know of my ideas? My ideas may be poison to you."

The other began to shake his head in energetic protest.

"What have you got to do with ideas? Some of them would make an end of your dad's money-bags. Leave off meddling with what you don't understand. Go back to your trotting-horses and your girls, and then you'll be sure at least of doing no harm to anybody, and hardly any to yourself."

The enthusiastic youth was overcome by this disdain.

"You're sending me back to my pig's trough, Kirylo. That settles it. I am an unlucky beast—and I shall die like a beast, too. But mind—it's your contempt that has done for me."

Razumov went off with long strides. That this simple and grossly festive soul should have fallen too under the revolutionary curse affected him as an ominous symptom of the time. He reproached himself for feeling troubled. Personally he ought to have felt reassured. There was an obvious advantage in this conspiracy of mistaken judgment taking him for what he was not. But was it not strange!

Again he experienced that sensation of his conduct being taken out of his hands by Haldin's revolutionary tyranny. His solitary and laborious existence had been destroyed—the only thing he could call his own on this earth. By what right? he asked himself furiously. In what name?

What infuriated him most was to feel that the "thinkers" of the University were evidently connecting him with Haldin—as a sort of confidant in the background, apparently. A mysterious connection! Ha, ha! . . . He

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had been made a personage of without knowing anything about it. How that wretch Haldin must have talked about him! Yet it was likely that Haldin had said very little. The fellow's casual utterances were caught up and treasured and pondered over by all these imbeciles. And was not all secret revolutionary action based upon folly, self-deception and lies?

"Impossible to think of anything else," muttered Razumov to himself. "I'll become an idiot if this goes on. The scoundrels and the fools are murdering my intelligence."

He lost all hope of saving his future which depended on the free use of his intelligence.

He reached the doorway of his house in a state of mental discouragement which enabled him to receive with apparent indifference an official-looking envelope from the dirty hand of the dvornik.

"A gendarme brought it," said the man. "He asked if you were at home. I told him, 'No, he's not at home.' So he left it. 'Give it into his own hands,' says he. Now you've got it—eh?"

He went back to his sweeping and Razumov climbed his stairs, envelope in hand. Once in his room he did not hasten to open it. Of course, this official missive was from the superior direction of the police. A suspect! A suspect!

He stared in dreary astonishment at the absurdity of his position. He thought, with a sort of dry, unemotional melancholy: three years of good work gone, the course of forty more perhaps jeopardized—turned from hope to terror, because events started by human folly link themselves into a sequence which no sagacity can foresee and no courage can break through. Fatality enters your rooms while your landlady's back is turned; you come home and find it in possession bearing a man's name, clothed in flesh—wearing a brown cloth coat and long boots—lounging against the stove. It asks you "Is the outer door closed?"—and you don't know enough to take it by the throat and fling it down-stairs. You don't know. You welcome the crazy fate. "Sit down," you say. And it is all over. You cannot shake it off any more. It will cling to you forever. Neither halter nor bullet can give you back the freedom of your life and the sanity of your thought. . . . It was enough to dash one's head against a wall.

Razumov looked slowly all round the walls as if to select a spot to dash his head against. Then he opened the letter. It directed the student Kirylo Sidorovitch Razumov to present himself without delay at the General Secretariat.

Razumov had a vision of General T——'s goggle eyes waiting for him—the embodied power of autocracy, grotesque and terrible. He embodied the whole power of autocracy because he was its guardian. He was the incarnate suspicion, the incarnate anger, the incarnate ruthlessness of a political and social régime on its defence. He loathed rebellion by instinct. And Razimov reflected that the man was simply unable to understand a reasonable adherence to the doctrine of absolutism.

"What can he want with me precisely—I wonder?" he asked himself.

As if that mental question had evoked the familiar phantom, Haldin stood suddenly before him in the room, with an extraordinary completeness of detail. Though the short winter day had passed already into the sinister twilight of a land buried in snow, Razumov saw plainly the narrow leather strap round the Tcherkess coat. The illusion of that hateful presence was so perfect that he half expected it to ask—"Is the outer

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door closed?" He looked at it with hatred and contempt. Souls do not take a shape of clothing. Moreover Haldin could not be dead yet. Razumov stepped forward menacingly; the vision vanished—and turning short on his heel he walked out of his room with infinite disdain.

But after going down calmly the first flight of stairs it occurred to him that perhaps the superior authorities of police meant to confront him with Haldin in the flesh. This thought struck him like a bullet—and had he not clung with both hands to the banister he would have rolled down to the next landing most likely. His legs were of no use for a considerable time. . . . But why? For what conceivable reason? To what end?

There could be no rational answer to these questions; but Razumov remembered the promise made by the General to Prince K——. His action was to remain unknown.

He got down to the bottom of the stairs, lowering himself as it were from step to step, by the banister. Under the gate he regained much of his firmness of thought and limb. He went out into the street without staggering visibly. Every moment he felt steadier mentally. And yet he was saying to himself that General T—— was perfectly capable of shutting him up in the fortress for an indefinite time. His temperament fitted his remorseless task and his omnipotence made him inaccessible to reasonable argument.

But when Razumov arrived at the Secretariat he discovered that he would have nothing to do with General T——. It is evident from Mr. Razumov's diary that this dreaded personality was to remain in the background. A civilian of superior rank received him in a private room after a period of waiting in outer offices where a lot of scribbling went on at many tables in a heated and stuffy atmosphere.

The clerk in uniform who conducted him said in the corridor:

"You are going before Gregory Matveitch Mikulin."

There was nothing formidable about the man bearing that name. His mild expectant glance was turned on the door already when Razumov entered. At once, with the penholder he was holding in his hand, he pointed to a deep sofa between two windows. He followed Razumov with his eyes while that last crossed the room and sat down. The mild gaze rested on him, not curious, not inquisitive,—certainly not suspicious—almost without expression. In its passionless persistence there was something resembling sympathy.

Razumov, who had prepared his will and his intelligence to encounter General T—— himself, was profoundly troubled. All the moral bracing up against the possible excesses of power and passion went for nothing before this sallow man who wore a full unclipped beard. It was fair, thin, and very fine. The light fell in coppery gleams on the protuberances of a high forehead. And the aspect of the flat, soft physiognomy was so homely and rustic that the careful middle parting of the hair seemed a pretentious affectation.

The diary of Mr. Razumov testifies to some irritation on his part. I may remark here that the diary proper consisting of the more or less daily entries seems to have been begun on that very evening after Mr. Razumov had returned home.

Mr. Razumov, then, was irritated. His strung-up individuality had gone to pieces within him very suddenly.

"I must be very prudent with him," he warned himself in the silence

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during which they sat gazing at each other. It lasted some little time and was characterized (for silences have their character) by a sort of sadness imparted to it perhaps by the mild and thoughtful manner of the bearded official. Razumov learned later that he was the chief of a department in the third section of the Secretariat, with a rank in the civil service equivalent to that of a colonel in the army.

Razumov's mistrust became acute. The main point was, not to be drawn into saying too much. He had been called there for some reason. What reason? To be given to understand that he was a suspect—and also no doubt to be pumped. As to what, precisely? There was nothing. Or perhaps Haldin had been telling lies. . . Every alarming uncertainty beset Razumov. He could bear the silence no longer, and cursing himself for his weakness, spoke first, though he had promised himself not to do so on any account.

"I haven't lost a moment's time," he began in a hoarse, provoking tone; and then the faculty of speech seemed to leave him and enter the body of Councillor Mikulin, who chimed in approvingly:

"Very proper. Very proper. Though as a matter of fact . . ."

But the spell was broken and Razumov interrupted him boldly under a sudden conviction that this was the safest attitude to take. With a great flow of words he complained of being totally misunderstood. Even as he talked with a perception of his own audacity he thought that the word "misunderstood" was better than the word "mistrusted," and he repeated it again with insistence. Suddenly he ceased, being seized with fright before the attentive immobility of the official. "What am I talking about?" he thought, eyeing him with a vague gaze. Mistrusted—not misunderstood, was the right symbol for these people. Misunderstood was the other kind of curse. Both had been brought on his head by that fellow Haldin. And his head ached terribly. He passed his hand over his brow—an involuntary gesture of suffering, which he was too careless to restrain. At that moment Razumov beheld his own brain suffering on the rack—a long, pale figure drawn asunder horizontally with terrific force in the darkness of a vault and whose face he failed to see. It was as though he had dreamed for an infinitesimal fraction of time of some dark print of the Inquisition. . . .

It is not to be seriously supposed that Razumov had actually dozed off and had dreamed in the presence of Councillor Mikulin, of an old print of the Inquisition. He was, indeed, extremely exhausted, and he records a remarkably dream-like impression of anguish at the circumstance that there was no one whatever near the pale and extended figure. The solitude of the racked victim was particularly horrible to behold. The mysterious impossibility to see the face, he also notes, inspired a sort of terror. All these characteristics of an ugly dream were present. Yet he is certain that he never lost the consciousness of himself on the sofa, leaning forward with his hands between his knees and turning his cap round and round in his fingers. But everything vanished at the voice of Councillor Mikulin. Razumov felt profoundly grateful for the even simplicity of its tone.

"Yes. I have listened with interest. I comprehend in a measure your . . . But indeed you are mistaken in what you . . ." Councillor Mikulin uttered a series of broken sentences. Instead of finishing them he glanced down his beard. It was a deliberate curtailment which somehow made the phrases more impressive. But he could talk fluently enough,

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as became apparent when, changing his tone to persuasiveness, he went on: "By listening to you as I did, I think I have proved that I do not regard our intercourse as strictly official. In fact, I don't want it to have that character at all. . . . Oh yes! I admit that the request for your presence here had an official form. But I put it to you whether it was a form which would have been used to secure the attendance of a . . ."

"Suspect," exclaimed Razumov, looking straight into the official's eyes. They were big, with heavy eyelids and met his boldness with a dim, steadfast gaze. "A suspect." The open repetition of that word which had been haunting all his waking hours gave Razumov a strange sort of satisfaction. Councillor Mikulin shook his head slightly. "Surely you do know that I've had my rooms searched by the police?"

"I was about to say a misunderstood person when you interrupted me," insinuated, quietly, Councillor Mikulin.

Razumov smiled without bitterness. The renewed sense of his intellectual superiority sustained him in the hour of danger. He said, a little disdainfully:

"I know I am but a reed. But I beg you to allow me the superiority of the thinking reed over the unthinking forces that are about to crush him out of existence. Practical thinking in the last instance is but criticism. I may, perhaps, be allowed to express my wonder at this action of the police being delayed for two full days, during which, of course, I could have annihilated everything compromising by burning it—for instance—and getting rid of the very ashes, for that matter."

"You are angry," remarked the official, with an unutterable simplicity of tone and manner. "Is that reasonable?"

Razumov felt himself coloring with annoyance.

"I am reasonable. I am even—permit me to say—a thinker, though, to be sure, this name nowadays seems to be the monopoly of hawkers of revolutionary wares, the slaves of some French or German thought—devil knows what foreign notions. But I am not an intellectual mongrel. I think like a Russian. I think faithfully—and I take the liberty to call myself a thinker. It is not a forbidden word, as far as I know."

"No. Why should it be a forbidden word?" Councillor Mikulin turned in his seat with crossed legs and, resting his elbow on the table, propped his head on the knuckles of a half-closed hand. Razumov noticed a thick forefinger clasped by a massive gold band set with a blood-red stone—a signet ring that, looking as if it could weigh half a pound, was an appropriate ornament for that ponderous man with the accurate middle parting of glossy hair above a rugged Socratic forehead.

"Could it be a wig?" Razumov detected himself wondering with an unexpected detachment. His self-confidence was much shaken. He resolved to chatter no more. Reserve! Reserve! All he had to do was to keep the Ziemianitch episode secret with absolute determination when the questions came. Keep Ziemianitch strictly out of all the answers.

Councillor Mikulin looked at him dimly. Razumov's self-confidence abandoned him completely. It seemed impossible to keep Ziemianitch out. Every question would lead to that, because of course there was nothing else. He made an effort to brace himself up. It was a failure. But Councillor Mikulin was surprisingly detached, too.

"Why should it be forbidden," he repeated. "I too consider myself a thinking man, I assure you. The principal condition is to think correctly.

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I admit it is difficult sometimes at first for a young man abandoned to himself—with his generous impulses undisciplined, so to speak—at the mercy of every wild wind that blows. Religious belief, of course, is a great . . ."

Councillor Mikulin glanced down at his beard, and Razumov, whose tension was relaxed by that unexpected and discursive turn, murmured, with gloomy discontent,

"That man Haldin believed in God."

"Ah! You are aware," breathed out Councillor Mikulin, making the point softly, as if with discretion, but making it nevertheless plainly enough, as if he too were put off his guard by Razumov's remark. That last preserved an impassive moody countenance, though he reproached himself bitterly for a pernicious fool to have given thus an utterly false impression of intimacy. He kept his eyes on the floor. "I must positively hold my tongue unless I am obliged to speak," he admonished himself. And at once against his will the question, "Hadn't I better tell him everything?" presented itself with such force that he had to bite his lower lip. Councillor Mikulin could not, however, have nourished any hope of confession. He went on.

"You tell me more than his judges were able to get out of him. He was judged by a commission of three. He would tell them absolutely nothing. I have the report of the interrogators here by me. After every question there stands, 'Refuses to answer—refuses to answer.' It's like that page after page. You see, I have been intrusted with some further investigations around and about this affair. He has left me nothing to begin my investigations on. A hardened miscreant. And so you say he believed in . . ."

Again Councillor Mikulin glanced at his beard with a faint grimace, but he did not pause for long. Remarking, with a shade of scorn, that blasphemers also had that sort of belief, he concluded by supposing that Mr. Razumov had conversed frequently with Haldin on the subject.

"No," said Razumov, loudly, without looking up. "He talked and I listened. That is not a conversation."

"Listening is a great art," observed Mikulin, parenthetically.

"And getting people to talk is another," mumbled Razumov.

"Well, no—that is not very difficult," Mikulin said, innocently, "except of course in special cases. For instance, this Haldin. Nothing could induce him to talk. He was brought four times before the delegated judges. Four secret interrogatories—and even during the last when your personality was put forward . . ."

"My personality put forward," repeated Razumov, raising his head brusquely. "I don't understand."

Councillor Mikulin turned squarely to the table, and taking up some sheets of gray foolscap dropped them one after another, retaining only the last in his hand. He held it before his eyes while speaking.

"It was—you see—judged necessary. In a case of that gravity, no means of action upon the culprit should be neglected. You understand that yourself, I am certain."

Razumov stared with enormous wide eyes at the side view of Councillor Mikulin, who now was not looking at him at all.

"So it was decided (I was consulted by General T——) that a certain question should be put to the accused. But in deference to the earnest

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wishes of Prince K—— your name has been kept out of the documents and even from the very knowledge of the judges themselves. Prince K—— recognized the propriety, the necessity of what we proposd to do, but he was concerned for your safety. Things do leak out—that we can't deny. One cannot always answer for the discretion of inferior officials. There was, of course, the secretary of the special tribunal—one or two gendarmes in the room. Moreover, as I have said, in deference to Prince K—— even the judges themselves were to be left in ignorance. The question ready framed was sent to them by General T—— (I wrote it out with my own hand) with instructions to put it to the prisoner the very last of all. Here it is."

Councillor Mikulin threw back his head into proper focus and went on reading, monotonously: "Question: Has the man well known to you, in whose rooms you remained for several hours on Monday and on whose information you have been arrested—has he had any previous knowledge of your intention to commit a political murder? . . . Prisoner refuses to reply."

"Question repeated. Prisoner preserves the same stubborn silence."

"The venerable Chaplain of the Fortress being then admitted and exhorting the prisoner to repentance, entreating him also to atone for his crime by an unreserved and full confession which should help to liberate from the sin of rebellion against the Divine laws and the sacred Majesty of the Ruler, our Christ-loving land—the prisoner opens his lips for the first time during this morning's audience and in a loud, clear voice rejects the venerable Chaplain's ministrations."

"At eleven o'clock the court pronounces in summary form the death sentence."

"The execution is fixed for four o'clock in the afternoon, subject to further instructions from superior authorities."

Councillor Mikulin dropped the page of foolscap, glanced down his beard, and, turning to Razumov, added in an easy, explanatory tone:

"We saw no object in delaying the execution. The order to carry out the sentence was sent by telegraph at noon. I wrote out the telegram myself. He was hanged at four o'clock this afternoon."

The definite information of Haldin's death gave Razumov that feeling of general lassitude which follows a great exertion or a great excitement. He kept very still on the sofa, but a murmur escaped him.

"He had a belief in a future existence."

Councillor Mikulin shrugged his shoulders slightly and Razumov got up with an effort. There was nothing now to stay for in that room. Haldin had been hanged at four o'clock. There could be no doubt of that. He had, it seemed, entered upon his future existence, long boots, astrachan fur cap and all, down to the very leather strap round his waist. A flickering, vanishing sort of existence. It was not his soul, it was his mere phantom that he left behind on this earth—thought Razumov, smiling caustically to himself while he crossed the room, utterly forgetful of where he was and of Councillor Mikulin's existence. This last could have set a lot of bells ringing all over the building without leaving his chair. He let Razumov come up quite to the door before he spoke.

"Come, Kirylo Sidorovitch. What are you doing?"

Razumov turned his head and looked at him in silence. He was not in the least disconcerted. Councillor Mikulin's arms were stretched out

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on the table before him and his body leaned forward a little with an effort of his dim gaze.

"Was I actually going to clear out like this?" Razumov wondered at himself, with an impassive countenance. And he was aware of this impassiveness concealing a lucid astonishment.

"Evidently I was going out if he had not spoken," he thought. "What would he have done then? I must end this affair one way or another. I must make him show his hand."

For a moment longer he reflected behind the mask as it were, then let go the door handle and came back to the middle of the room.

"I'll tell you what you think," he said, explosively, but not raising his voice. "You think that you are dealing with a secret accomplice of that unhappy man. No, I do not know that he was unhappy. He did not tell me. He was a wretch from my point of view, because to keep alive a false idea is a greater crime than to kill a man. I suppose you will not deny that? I hated him! Visionaries work everlasting evil on earth. Their Utopias inspire in the mass of mediocre minds a disgust of reality and a contempt for the secular logic of human development."

Razumov shrugged his shoulders and stared. "What a tirade," he thought. The silence and immobility of Councillor Mikulin impressed him. The bearded bureaucrat sat at his post, mysteriously self-possessed like an idol with dim unreadable eyes. Razumov's voice changed involuntarily.

"If you were to ask me where is the necessity of my hate for such as Haldin I would answer you—there is nothing sentimental in it. I did not hate him because he had committed the crime of murder. Abhorrence is not hate. I hated him simply because I am sane. It is in that character that he outraged me. His death . . ."

Razumov felt his voice growing thick in his throat. The dimness of Councillor Mikulin's eyes seemed to spread all over his face and made it indistinct to Razumov's sight. He tried to disregard these phenomena.

"Indeed," he pursued, pronouncing each word carefully, "what is his death to me? If he were lying here on the floor I could walk over his breast. . . . The fellow is a mere phantom. . . ."

Razumov's voice died out very much against his will. Mikulin behind the table did not allow himself the slightest movement. The silence lasted for some little time before Razumov could go on again.

"He went about talking of me. . . . Those intellectual fellows sit in each other's rooms and get drunk on foreign ideas in the same way young Guard's officers treat each other with foreign wines. Merest debauchery. . . . Upon my word"—Razumov, enraged by a sudden recollection of Ziemianitch, lowered his voice forcibly—"upon my word, we Russians are a drunken lot. Intoxication of some sort we must have: to get ourselves wild with sorrow or maudlin with resignation; to lie inert like a log or set fire to the house. What is a sober man to do, I should like to know? To cut oneself entirely from one's kind is impossible. To live in a desert, one must be a saint. But if a drunken man runs out of the grog-shop, falls on your neck and kisses you on both cheeks because something about your appearance has taken his fancy, what then—kindly tell me? You may break, perhaps, a cudgel on his back, and yet not succeed in beating him off. . . ."

Councillor Mikulin raised his hand and passed it down his face deliberately.

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"That's . . . of course," he said in an undertone.

The quiet gravity of that gesture made Razumov pause. It was so unexpected, too. What did it mean? It had an alarming aloofness. Razumov remembered his intention of making him show his hand.

"I have said all this to Prince K——," he began, with assumed indifference, but lost it on seeing Councillor Mikulin's slow nod of assent. "You know it? You've heard. . . . Then why should I be called here to be told of Haldin's execution? Did you want to confront me with his silence, now that the man is dead? What is his silence to me? This is incomprehensible. You want in some way to shake my moral balance."

"No. Not that," murmured Councillor Mikulin, just audibly. "The service you have rendered is appreciated. . . ."

"Is it?" interrupted Razumov, ironically.

". . . And your position, too." Councillor Mikulin did not raise his voice. "But only think! You fall into Prince K——'s study as if from the sky with your startling information. . . . You are studying yet, Mr. Razumov, but we are serving already, don't forget that. . . . And naturally some curiosity was bound to . . ."

Councillor Mikulin looked down his beard. Razumov's lips trembled.

"An occurrence of that sort marks a man," the homely murmur went on. "I admit I was curious to see you. General T—— thought it would be useful to . . . Don't think I am incapable of understanding your sentiments. When I was young like you I studied. . . ."

"Yes—you wished to see me," said Razumov in a tone of profound distaste. "Naturally, you have the right—I mean, the power. It all amounts to the same thing. But it is perfectly useless if you were to look at me and listen to me for a year. I begin to think there is something about me which people don't seem able to make out. It's unfortunate. I imagine, however, that Prince K—— understands. He seemed to."

Councillor Mikulin moved slightly and spoke.

"Prince K—— is aware of everything that is being done, and I don't mind informing you that he approved my intention of becoming personally acquainted with you."

Razumov concealed an immense disappointment under the accents of railing surprise.

"So he is curious, too! . . . Well—after all, Prince K—— knows me very little. It is really very unfortunate for me, but—it is not exactly my fault."

Councillor Mikulin raised a hasty deprecatory hand and inclined his head slightly over his shoulder.

"Now, Mr. Razumov—is it necessary to take it in that way? Everybody, I am sure, can . . ."

He glanced rapidly down at his beard, and when he looked up again there was for a moment an interested expression in his misty gaze. Razumov discouraged it with a cold, repellent smile.

"No. That's of no importance, to be sure—except that in respect of all this curiosity being aroused by a very simple matter . . . What is to be done with it? It is unappeasable. I mean to say, there is nothing to appease it with. I happen to have been born a Russian with patriotic instincts—whether inherited or not, I am not in a position to say."

Razumov spoke consciously with elaborate steadiness.

"Yes, patriotic instincts developed in a conservative direction by a

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faculty of independent thinking—of detached thinking. In that respect, I am more free than any social democratic revolution could make me. It is more than probable that I don't think exactly as you are thinking. Indeed, how could it be? You would think most likely at this moment that I am elaborately lying to cover up the track of my repentance."

Razumov stopped. His heart had grown too big for his breast. Councillor Mikulin did not flinch.

"Why so?" he said, simply. "I assisted personally at the search of your rooms. I looked through all the papers myself. I have been greatly impressed by a sort of political confession of faith. A very remarkable document. Now, may I ask for what purpose? . . ."

"To deceive the police, naturally," said Razumov, savagely. . . . "What is all this mockery? Of course you can send me straight from this room to Siberia. That would be intelligible. To what is intelligible I can submit. But I protest against this comedy of persecution. The whole affair is becoming too comical altogether for my taste. A comedy of errors, phantoms and suspicions. It's positively indecent. . . ."

Councillor Mikulin turned an attentive ear.

"Did you say phantoms?" he murmured.

"I could walk over dozens of them." Razumov, with an impatient wave of his hand, went on headlong: "But really, I must claim the right to be done once for all with that man. And in order to accomplish this, I shall take the liberty . . ."

Razumov, on his side of the table, bowed slightly to the seated bureaucrat.

". . . To retire—simply to retire," he finished, with great resolution.

He walked to the door thinking: "Now he must show his hand. He must ring and have me arrested before I am out of the building or he must let me go. And either way . . ."

An hurried voice said,

"Kirylo Sidorovitch."

Razumov at the door turned his head.

"To retire," he repeated.

"Where to?" asked Councillor Mikulin, softly.

(To be Continued)

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Rear-Admiral Alfred Thayer Mahan, U.S.N.,
the foremost naval strategist in this country and universally recognized as the exponent of the influence of sea power in history, is an old contributor to the Review. The article in this issue embodies his reasons for fortifying the Canal for strategic purposes as well as his arguments proving the right of the United States to do so. He holds honorary degrees from many institutions of learning, including a D.C.L. from Oxford, LL.D. from Cambridge, Harvard, Yale and Columbia. He is the author of "Influence of Sea Power upon History," "Life of Nelson: Naval Administration and Warfare," "Some Neglected Aspects of War," "America's Interest in International Conditions."

Agnes Lee
was educated in Switzerland, though she was born in Chicago. She has translated the poems of Theophile Gautier into English verse and published poems from her own pen, several of them in the pages of the Review.

Richard C. Maclaurin
now holds the high office of President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is a well-known educator, and during the past summer, while at Oxford, was in close touch with several of the leading men there interested in the Reform Movement, and thus had the opportunity of studying the educational problem of that place at first hand.

Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.,
was born in Boston in 1863 and received his education in the Massachusetts public schools, in travel abroad and at Harvard. A life of leisure has enabled him to pursue the study of literature since 1886. Among his writings are "Types of American Character," "A Pageant of Life."

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Walter K. Tuller
was born in Kansas, but the major part of his life has been passed in California. He is a graduate of the academic department of the University of California and also of its law school. Since his graduation he has practised law in San Francisco and Los Angeles, specializing in the law governing corporations.

Charles M. Harvey
is associate editor and leading editorial writer of the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat." He is a frequent contributor to the Review and other magazines on historical, political and social questions, and is the author of a "History of the Republican Party," of a "Handbook of American Politics" and a "History of Missouri."

Gertrude Atherton
is well known to readers of American fiction as the author of many distinguished works. "The Conqueror" attracted a great deal of attention a few years ago as the first attempt on a large scale to write the biography of a real man in the form of fiction. This was the story of Alexander Hamilton. Mrs. Atherton, who is a great-grandniece of Benjamin Franklin, was born and educated in California. The present article is a gracious recognition of the first work of a fellow craftsman. Mrs. Atherton's most recent work is the "Tower of Ivory."

James H. Blount,
a lawyer of Macon, Georgia, was born near that place in 1869, attended the public schools of Macon, and was graduated at the University of Georgia in 1887. He was admitted to the Bar in 1888 and subsequently attended the Columbia Law School, New York City, in 1890-91. Thereafter he practised law at Macon continuously until the outbreak of war with Spain. While an officer of the Volunteer Army of Cuban Invasion in 1898, he served on General Wood's Headquarters staff, after the fall of Santiago, as Judge Advocate of the Department of Santiago. From 1901 to 1905 he was Judge of the Court of First Instance of the Philippines, finally resigning on account of ill health and returning to his former home. Judge Blount is the author of a book on pleading and practice under the Code of Georgia, which, in 1897, was adopted by the Legislature

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of that State. He is a son of the late Congressman from Georgia, who was President Cleveland's Special Commissioner to Hawaii in 1893.

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON
is the son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury and a Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge University. A prolific writer, he has endeared himself to his large reading public in America as well as in England. His verse appeared in collected form in 1909, but his most recently published work is a volume of essays, "The Silent Isle." The essay in the current REVIEW is one of a series which will appear from time to time through the coming year.

JAMES E. DUNNING
is American Consul at Havre, coming there in 1909 from the Consulate at Milan, where he had been since 1905. He represented the United States at sessions of the Permanent Committee of the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce at Brussels in 1909, and was appointed second American member of the Permanent Commission. He is the author of numerous short stories. In 1909 he published a volume under the title, "The Master Builder."

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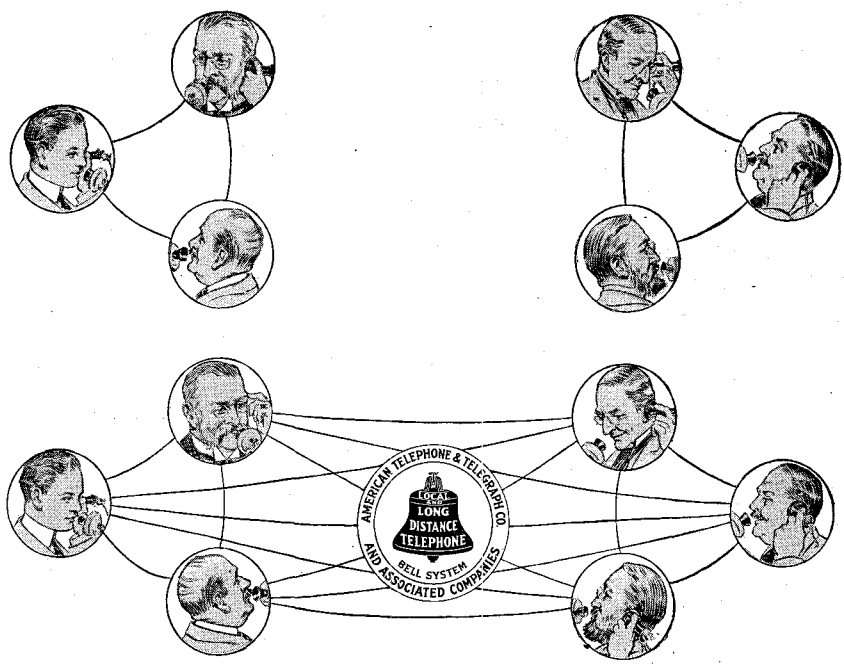
Union Increases Use



When two groups of telephone subscribers are joined together the usefulness of each telephone is increased.

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